



POEMS

by

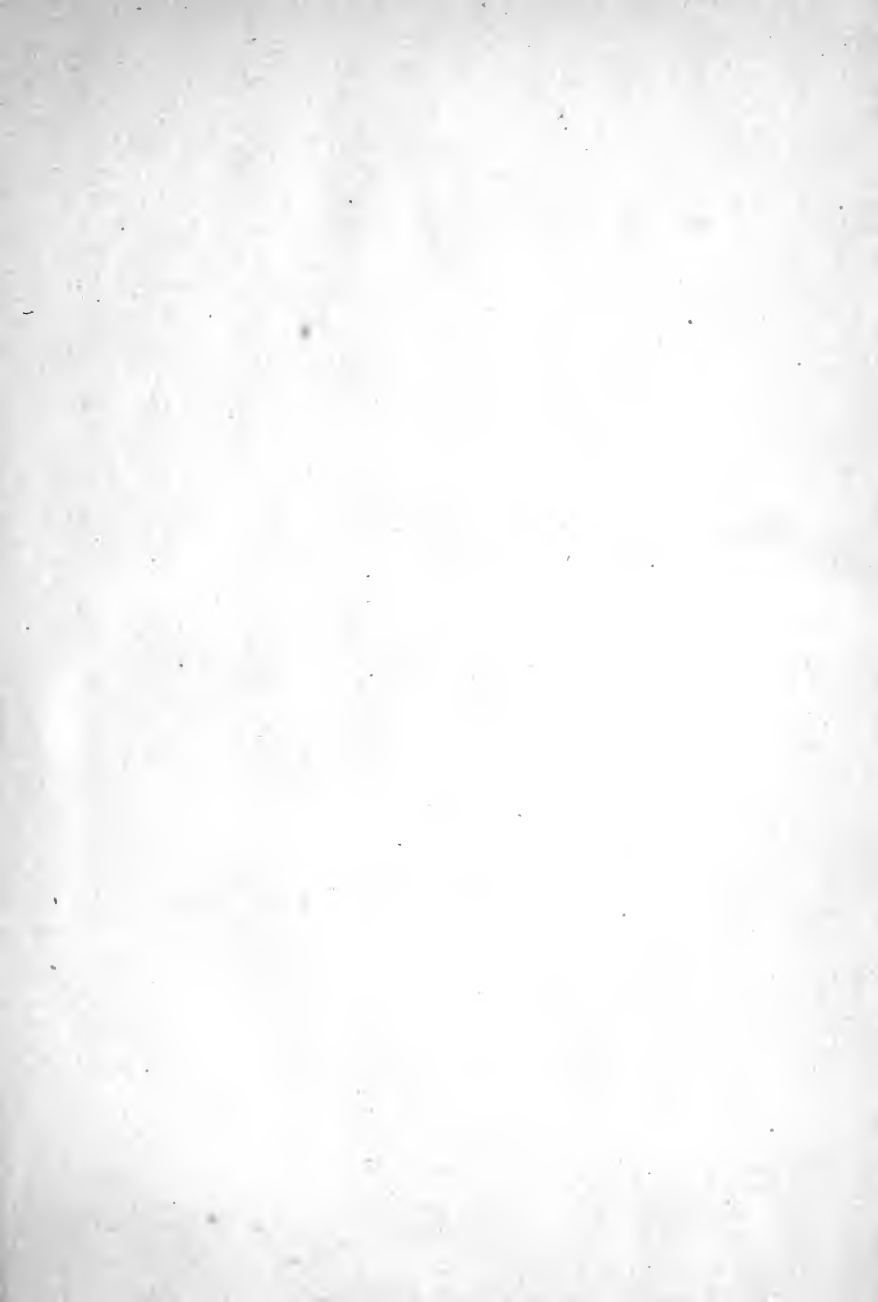
AMANDA M. EDMOND.

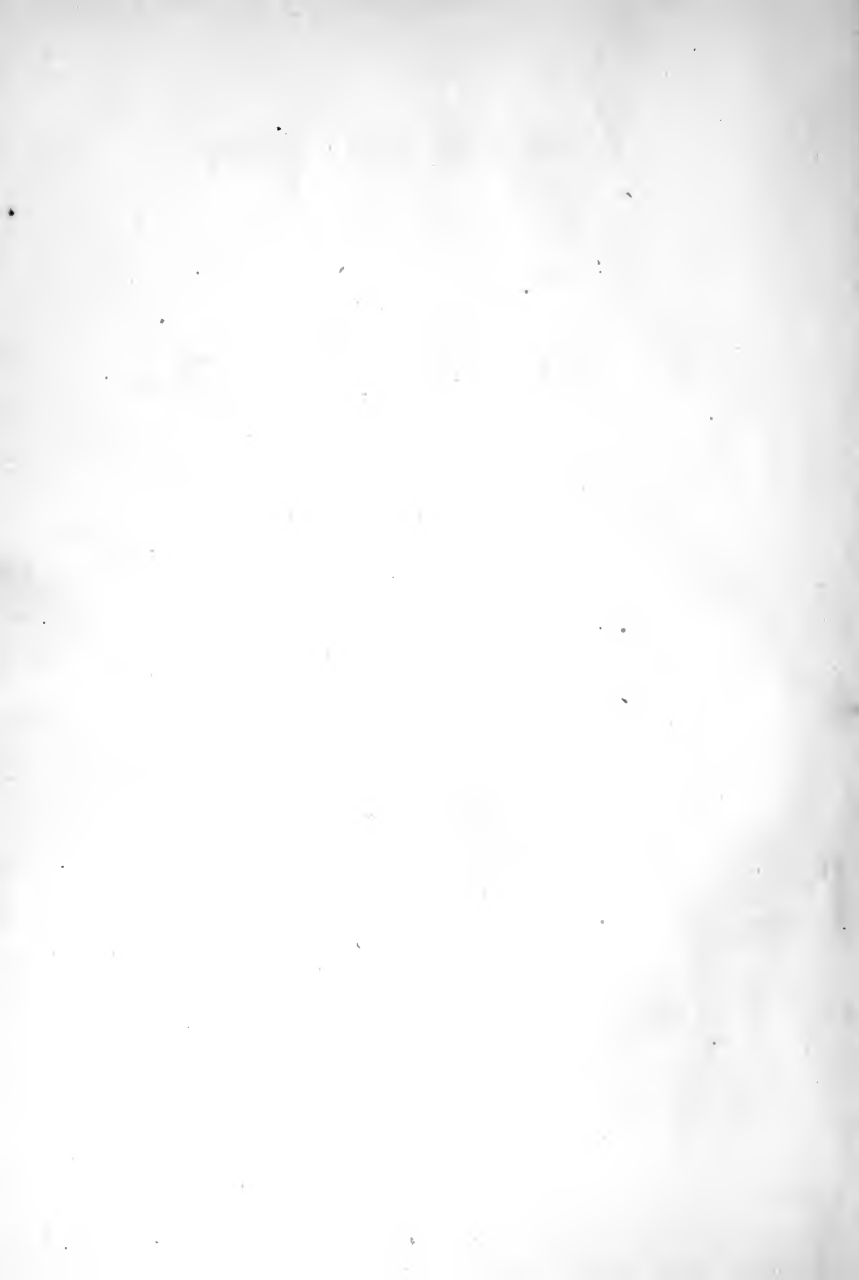
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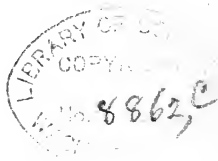
Religious and Other

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P O E M S .

BY

AMANDA M. EDMOND.



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NOTE OF INTRODUCTION.

THE following Poems, most of which were written between fourteen and twenty years of age, have been gathered from manuscript volumes, and are printed as a keepsake for children, kindred, and friends, with the earnest hope that the same blessed Spirit which led the writer to consecrate the powers of her mind to the service of her Master, may influence all who may read them to a like consecration.

They have been selected and arranged as affection guided, without critical supervision or suggestion.

The stanza which follows was written on the fly-leaf of one of Mrs. Edmond's manuscript volumes, at about the age of fifteen years.

J. E.

BROOKLINE, June, 1872.



THE spell of song is on me, and the lyre
The heart's own music pours, but not to thee,
O earthly Fame, shall the glad offering be, —
Higher than this my spirit shall aspire,

For oh, what art thou but a fleeting breath
Bought by a weary life or early death!

Sweeter to me the thought, in after days,

Cherished in loving hearts my name shall live,

Than blazoned on thy rolls, a theme of praise

'Mong those who oft but hollow flattery give.

Therefore these powers of mine thou shalt not claim,

For I will lay them on a holier shrine,

Whose sacred fires burn with celestial flame, —

Father in heaven! on thine, and only *thine*!





INTRODUCTION.

By S. F. SMITH, D.D.

POETRY is not external only; it is also and especially internal. It is subjective, — not merely objective. It depends more upon the state of the soul than upon outward objects. And some men are poets and others are not, because some men are so made that they are competent to attain to that state of mind which involves the poetic gift, and others are so made that they are not competent to attain to it. It is a gift, — a divine gift. The gift is constitutional, not acquired. Men may admire it, and reach after it, and acquire that which mechanically resembles it. But there is a wide difference between the gift itself and that which resembles it. The gift cannot be counterfeited. That poetic power which is merely the fruit of cultivation is always artificial, stiff and statue-like. It lacks the breathing charms, the exquisite warmth, the divine glow of nature.

The poetic mind is constitutionally different from other minds. It sees, as it were, through other eyes and hears through other ears. It communicates with the outer world through other and higher senses. It receives from outward things more elevated ideas. In external objects there is, to the poetic mind, a world

within a world. They have a language for the poetic mind which they have not for other minds. They reveal to these favored priests of nature mysteries which are hidden from the rest of mankind. Though in the very presence of the glorious visions which through outward objects strike upon the poet's eye, the unpoetic mind, seeing, sees not, and, hearing, hears not.

There is undoubtedly in the mind of the true poet a certain delicate organism, by virtue of which he discerns that to which other men are blinded. Other men look upon a sunset scene; they discover in it colors and brightness, crimson and brilliancy, and the declining of the orb of day. Perhaps they contemplate the physical constitution of light, and philosophize on the causes which give predominance to the red rays. They reason about refraction, atmospheric vapors and optical illusions. And this is all. The poet may have learned the same physical facts, and be equally competent to arrange and discuss the natural phenomena. But his mind, with its keen culture, its refinement, its delicate sense of beauty, its characteristic elevation, springs above these outward physical circumstances, leaps beyond the limits of time and space, loses the sense of the real, as it were, and is at once absorbed in the ideal. The poet analyzes, combines, arranges these brilliant exhibitions, discerns in them relations to other things, finds among these golden glories gateways opening into heaven, discovers vistas of beauty stretching far inward and revealing to him the throne of God and Him who sitteth thereon. In the lily, the rose, or the violet, the common mind contemplates only a flower, composed of pistils, stamens, petals, calyx and stem, — of a delicate color, and emitting an agreeable fragrance. The poet instinctively dwells upon some sweet relations, inherent in the flower or suggested by it. The rose is emblematic. Its purity suggests a spotless life; its delicacy, the extreme beauty and tenderness of such a life; its fragrance, enduring even in death, the blessed memory of a life without a stain; its growing up out of the black earth, the beauty of Christian grace planted

in a soul originally polluted. The rose set round with thorns implies the frequent lot of virtue, to be encompassed with trials; its full-blown glory, a finished life; its budding beauty, the opening of a sweet and virtuous pilgrimage on earth, or the beginning of a joyful career in heaven, destined ever to expand, ever to grow more beautiful. The lily and the violet also have their own heaven of beauty; one is an emblem of purity, the other of humility, and they both speak, not only to the eye, but also to the soul. They reveal to the delicate mind sweet and far-reaching relations. They live not alone in their bare forms and colors; they are part of a living world of inward loveliness and inherent life and charms.

So everything in nature is to the eye of the poet far more than it seems to be. Everything lives in a glorious intensity. The days of sunshine wear a peculiar brilliancy. The broad, blue canopy of heaven spreads itself out with a special glory. The face of nature bears almost a human, almost an angelic smile. The real world is only the outward symbol of the ideal world which it suggests, and which encompasses, adorns and informs it.

All this is true of the real, not of the artificial poet. Some men profess to be admirers of poetry, and even undertake to write it, who are not true poets. By a casual accident, by an artificial, almost mechanical imitation, they may occasionally strike out a scintillation of true poetic merit. But it is only an outgrowth of other men's minds, a fruit of the culture of other and richer souls. These are they who are caught by the jingle of rhymes. These are they who delight in a sweetly-flowing cadence and rhythm, who are captivated by sound, but who have no feeling in their constitution for that in which true poetry consists. If it is present, they do not perceive it; if it is absent, they do not miss it. Hence it is that so much material finds currency in public prints and in the songs of children which has no poetic merit; which has the form of poetry, but not the spirit of

it, — the measure and the rhyme, but not the breathing, informing soul.

The poet is the interpreter of nature. He not only perceives where poetical thought exists, in relations and combinations, but reveals it also to others. He introduces men of grosser mould, men of less perceptive genius, into the sacred retreats of poetic thought and beauty. He opens the chambers of imagery, and shows how the imagination is able to throw a robe of enchanting glory over that which seems to the common mind only a common thing. He calls attention to that which has power to delight; attract and refine. He puts words and thought for men into dumb matter, into nature, into landscapes, into scenery, into the sunset clouds, the blue mountains, the tossing sea and the distant horizon. He interprets the beauties of the full-blown flower and of the blushing bud, the evergreen wreath and the vernal resurrection. He searches out life, where he alone has an eye to discover it and a heart to feel it, and helps others to perceive it, to partake of it and to enjoy it. He is not only an interpreter of beauty, but also, through the power of his genius, he becomes — as the name, in its etymological force, implies — a creator. Introduced by the waving of his magic wand into the temple of his adoration, men feel, as they catch his inspiration, that he has laid his hand strangely on the common objects of sense, with which all are familiar, and made all things new; that he has opened new fountains in them, given them life, made them express thought, and clothed them — once formless and void — with affluence and beauty.*

The true poet is not only thus master over that which is visible, but also over that which is invisible. His province reaches into the realms of thought, and there, as in the outward world, he culls the beauties which other minds never discern, and brings out, almost as if he were the creator of them, new and hidden relations, calculated to fill the soul with delight. Hence it is that sometimes a master of thought thrills a public assembly

by his speech, or quickens and stirs the soul of his readers by bringing to light some beautiful sentiment, lying, as it were, on the surface and obvious to all, but which had never before been observed. By pointing out some new relations of thought, by a fresh and wonderful arrangement of terms or ideas, by the infusion of a mysterious life, by calling into visibility that which before was unseen, the poet starts a new pulse of life in the reader who holds communion with him, and brings him, as it were, into a new world of beauty and of love.

And the Christian poet has an advantage over other poets, inasmuch as he has a wider and a higher range of themes. He has to do with a whole world of glorious ideas, present and eternal, which the merely secular poet can never touch. His field embraces both the finite and the infinite. His scope comprises time and eternity. There are no mysteries to which he may not aspire, no heights to which he may not soar, no depths which he may not fathom, no expanse to which he may not reach. And, such is the inspiring influence of Christian themes, that they often bring out the most triumphant strains of the sacred artist. He whose soul is impressed with the sublimity of the world to come, who dwells upon the things which "eye has not seen nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man," finds a range of poetic beauty which cannot be equalled. He works a mine which no diligence can exhaust. He sails on an ocean which cannot be measured. He soars into an ethereal region where the sunlight of heaven flashes on his wings and the glory of God guides his flight. Sacred poetry, in its sublimity and power, often excels all other poetry. Milton might never have reached such excellence nor won such fame, if he had selected a topic which afforded no scope for religious inspiration. Montgomery's most triumphant strains are those which he sings on the threshold of the celestial Paradise. Watts treads on his most enchanted ground when his harp vibrates with a divine harmony. Mrs.

Barbauld is most inspired when she draws her inspiration from the gospel and immortality.

The poems of Mrs. Edmond speak for themselves. Many of them "come from the heart," as old divines used to say, "and reach the heart." They have the true poetic fire, and establish her claim to a place among those who sit on the heights of Parnassus. Some of her pieces have great sweetness and simplicity, and will doubtless secure an immortal niche in our literature. Now that "the seal" is on her virtues, they have an augmented beauty and attractiveness. They will receive no finishing touch from her pen. They have passed out of her portfolio, and must remain her last bequest to her admiring friends. She is occupied with higher work, for which the delicate polishing of a poetic spirit has given her a nobler competency. Her hand holds the harp of the immortals.





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LETTER FROM MRS. LYDIA H. SIGOURNEY.



HARTFORD, October 21, 1845.

MY DEAR MRS. EDMOND:—Accept my thanks for the beautiful volume of your beautiful poems, which you had the goodness to send me. I have read them with pleasure, admiring often their melodious numbers, and always their pure spirit. One of them—“When is the time to die?”—has long been a favorite of mine, without knowing what lyre first awoke its sweetly-plaintive music. I am happy to have it in my power to thank the true author, and to congratulate her on the possession of a gift which has such an affinity with inward joy,—and sometimes so strong an influence for the good of others.

I could not but feel quite a patriotic pleasure in the taste and elegance with which the publishers have embellished your tuneful thoughts; and with the best wishes for your health and happiness, am very truly your friend,

L. H. SIGOURNEY.





LETTER FROM JAMES MONTGOMERY TO MRS. EDMOND.



THE MOUNT, IN STAFFORD, November 22, 1845.

DEAR MADAM:— Thank you sincerely for your friendly gift, conveyed to me through Mr. Brown of this place. Many presents of a similar kind come to me from young and inexperienced poets, who little know

“How hard it is to climb
The steep where fame’s proud temple shines afar.”

But, having bravely adventured, and fondly imagined that they have reached the pinnacle, they call upon me to “look how high they are,”—as children scrambling through briars and boulders up a rough bank side are wont to challenge their companions to wonder at their achievements.

In nine cases out of ten it is my mortification (and theirs too), as candidly as I can, and as courteously as I may, to tell them that verse is the least marketable of all literary commodities, and that, whatever be the merit of their compositions, if they wish to insure themselves against pecuniary loss, they must obtain a sufficient number of subscribers among their friends and connections to cover the expense of printing, etc., before they attempt to publish on their own account what no prudent

bookseller would undertake, at the risk of the cost of an edition, under such circumstances. This occurs so often, that it would save me much trouble, as well as pain, to have my counsel lithographed or stereotyped, — with the variations of title, name and place, for which blanks should be left, — the very same form of words might be equally proper and equally unsatisfactory, addressed to each correspondent.

Of course I dread the sight of each new volume of rhyme that breaks upon me out of the invisible world of poets yet unknown, but who hope (ere long) to be never forgotten, if they can but once obtain a hearing. Pray forgive this impertinence, with which I would not have plagued you if I had not had something more pleasant to myself to say respecting your volume. Undazzled by the splendid exterior, I expected, as usual, specimens of that provoking mediocrity *against* which and *for* which nothing can be said.

I was, however, doomed to *disappointment* in this foregone conclusion; and now I am not ashamed to acknowledge that, having rashly prejudged you, I revoke the unpronounced sentence; for the process was wholly a caprice, — the caprice of a moment at sight of an elegant octavo, bound and gilt, with the understood obligation that I must both read and acknowledge it.

I *have* read and *now* acknowledge that seldom has a volume of more delightful verse been thrown upon my reluctant acceptance. I have seen much of American poetry, and have latterly rejoiced to perceive (or imagine that I have perceived) the gradual improvement of the *indigenous* plants of Parnassus in growth and vigor, as well as in beauty and fragrance, from your native soil. Long, long the bards of transatlantic eminence — not from want of talents, but of conscious power to originate a *national style* in this the noblest species of literature — appeared to great disadvantage as having no school of their own, but being, more or less, students and proficient in one or another of the mother-country's schools, — those of Dry-

den and Pope especially, — the easiest to learn in the mechanical art of stringing middling thoughts in smooth verbiage along monotonous lines, — by perfection in which, however, the most skilful adept might in vain hope to rival the admirable qualities of those two greatest masters of rhyme in our language. You, madam, and a few others among your contemporaries, have produced, not by imitation, but by the freedom which your countrymen boast of so largely in everything beside, — worthily exercised in this more excellent way, — have produced verse, especially in the lyric forms, which may well be classed with the best British archetypes of the kind. I pretend not to equal you and Mrs. Sigourney with our Felicia Hemans and Joanna Baillic; but in many of your respective compositions, you may, without disparagement, gracefully and honorably compete with them, and so far be said to resemble them “as becomes sisters” of one lineage and family features.

Of your poems in this volume, I like that the least which gives it the title. Home themes are the most delicate as well as the most enduring and intelligible. (Home themes I mean.) Such are poetry all the world over and for all time. The most precious parts of your volume are such. I can say no more here, and nothing better if I had a fresh sheet to fill.

I am, truly, your obliged friend and servant,

J. MONTGOMERY.







TO A. M. E.



The following lines first appeared in the "Watchman and Reflector." Mrs. Edmond's contributions of Poetry or Prose, for the press, were generally initialled "A. M. E."

Unknown thy home — unseen thy smile —
But not unheard thy gentle lays :
A stranger's mind they oft beguile —
They move her to attempt thy praise.

Thine is the gift of ardent feeling,
And thought creative, too, is thine ;
And faith, the future joy revealing,
Inspires thy soul with hopes divine.

Thy song hath touched responsive chords
In many a heart unknown to thee,
And thoughts, unutterable in words,
Are stirred by thy sweet minstrelsy.

No earthly glories wake thy lyre,
Or swell its deep, melodious strains ;
But higher, holier thoughts inspire
Thy soul, where thy Redeemer reigns.

I love thee for the spirit meek
That breathes through all thy gentle lay,
And those pure feelings, fervent, deep,
That bear thy heart from earth away.

When on the evening star I gaze,
So glorious on the verge of heaven,
And fancy dreams its hallowed rays
To light the pilgrim's path were given,

I think that thou dost love its light,
And even then, perhaps, art dreaming
Of that fair land of glory bright,
To which faith points the wanderer's sight,
Above yon radiant planets beaming.

And oft at midnight's silent hour,
When earth in calm repose is sleeping,
Secure in heaven's protecting power,
Whose angels o'er us guard are keeping,

I've thought of thee, though all unknown,
As some blest spirit, heaven-ward turning,
To seek the everlasting throne
To which thy heart and hopes are flown,
Above yon orbs forever burning.

Though never in this earthly clime
Shall be my lot to meet with thee,
My soul a union feels with thine,
A friendship fervent and divine,
And lasting as eternity.

E. T.

RELIGIOUS POEMS.



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RELIGIOUS POEMS.



WHEN IS THE TIME TO DIE?

ASKED a glad and happy child,
Whose hands were filled with flowers,
Whose silvery laugh rang free and wild
Among the vine-wreathed bowers, —
I crossed her sunny path and cried,
“When is the time to die?”
“Not yet! not yet!” the child replied,
And swiftly bounded by.

I asked a maiden. Back she flung
The tresses of her hair ;
A whispered name was on her tongue,
Whose memory hovered there.
A flush passed o’er her lily brow,
I caught her spirit’s sigh :
“Not now,” she cried ; “oh, no ! not *now* !
Youth is no time to die.”

I asked a mother, as she pressed
Her first-born in her arms,
As gently on her tender breast
She hushed her babe's alarms.
In shivering tones her answer came, —
Her eyes were dim with tears, —
“My *boy* his mother's life must claim
For many, many years!”

I questioned one in manhood's prime,
Of proud and fearless air, —
His brow was furrowed not by time,
Or dimmed by woe and care.
In angry accents he replied,
And gleamed with scorn his eye, —
“Talk not to *me* of death!” he cried;
“For only age should die!”

I questioned Age: for him the tomb
Had long been all prepared;
But Death, who withers youth and bloom,
This man of years had spared.
Once more his nature's dying fire
Flashed high, as thus he cried, —
“*Life*, only life is my desire!”
Then gasped and groaned and died.

I asked a Christian, — “ Answer thou,
When is the hour of death ? ”
A holy calm was on his brow,
And peaceful was his breath ;
And sweetly o’er his features stole
A smile, a light divine ;
He spake the language of his soul, —
“ *My Maker’s time is mine !* ”



THE PROMISES OF THE SPIRIT TO THE
SEVEN CHURCHES OF ASIA.

REV. II. AND III.

HE who the world o’ercometh,
The tempter and his snares,
Shall eat the fruit of paradise
Which God himself prepares ;
The fruit of those celestial trees
Where sweetest odors blend,
That o’er Immanuel’s river
In fadeless beauty bend.

He who the world o’ercometh,
The enemy within,
Shall rise above the second death,
The bitter woes of sin ;

He is the Lord's beloved,
Beneath whose wings he hides,
When on avenging pinions forth
To judge the world He rides.

He who the world o'ercometh
Shall hosts unnumbered sway ;
His sceptre shall they reverence,
His voice shall they obey ;
The morning star so beautiful
With gems of high renown,
God's gift to every conqueror,
Shall glitter in his crown.

He who the world o'ercometh
Shall the hidden manna eat, —
The food of angel spirits,
Life-giving, pure and sweet ;
A name shall be engraven
For him upon a stone,
To every one beside him
Mysterious and unknown.

He who the world o'ercometh
Shall put on the robe of white
They wear who walk with Jesus
In the shining realms of light ;

The robe to all the ransomed,
By the Lord who bought them, given ;
The token of their purity .
Who win the bliss of heaven.

He who the world o'ercometh
Shall a mighty pillar stand,
Within the New Jerusalem,
Set up at God's right hand ;
Nought ever shall remove him
From that high and holy place,
Reflecting ceaseless glory
From the Lord Jehovah's face.

He who the world o'ercometh,
When his earthly bands are riven,
Shall sit with Jesus on the throne,
The great white throne of heaven,
Where angel legions bending,
Their loud ascriptions raise,
Ten thousand harps attuning
To songs of sweetest praise.

He who the world o'ercometh
And slays the hosts of sin,
Shall in yon realms of blessedness
These gifts of glory win.

Press on, O Christian champion !
Thy troops to battle call,
From conquering to conquering,
Till thou hast won them all !



ASSURANCE.

THAT I am thine, dear Jesus, thine,
The sweet assurance give ;
Submissive to thy will divine
Henceforth on earth I live.

Oh, let me feel that I am bought
By thy redeeming blood,
That thou hast my salvation wrought,
And made my peace with God !

Oh, let me see that I may claim
Some portion of thy love,
Till burns my heart with sacred flame,
Enkindled from above.

Grant that my feet may never stray
In folly from thy side ;
Instruct me in the heavenly way
To where the blest abide.

My thoughts, that clung in days gone by
To earth's delusive dreams,
Now heavenward, upward e'er shall fly,
And feast on nobler themes.

A purer bliss than earth affords
My longing soul shall fill,
Obedient to thy sacred words,
And set to do thy will.

United evermore to thee,
On thee my hope relies ;
Thy glory all my aim shall be,
Till summoned to the skies.

Oh, banish every doubt and fear !
To heaven thy cross I bear ;
Thine, joyful in assurance here
Of dwelling with thee there !

"PUT ON THE WHOLE ARMOR OF GOD."

IRD, soldier, gird thy armor on,
The armor of the Lord,
Take in thy hands the shield of faith,
The Spirit's mighty sword ;
And let the banner of the Cross
Wide o'er thee be unfurled ;
Thy foes the countless hosts of sin,
Thy battle-field the world.

Let not the world with winning smile,
And fair yet faithless charms,
A moment draw thee from the ranks,
Or tempt thee from thy arms ;
She will but lure thee on a while,
Then fill thee with dismay,
Cast forth in scorn to raging foes,
A weak, defenceless prey.

And tarry not where sparkling streams
Of earthly pleasure flow ;
Their waves though sweet will fill thy soul
With bitterness and woe.
Dash from thy lips the poisoned cup,
The treacherous draught disdain,
And seek the founts where they who drink
Shall never thirst again.

Sleep not, O soldier, at thy post,
But ceaseless vigil keep ;
'Tis death to those who mid the strife
Lie calmly down and sleep.
Thou shalt not wake again, for foes,
Thou canst not then control,
Will lull thy ear with charmed songs,
But wound and slay thy soul.

Unwearied watch at Zion's gates,
Undaunted meet her foes ;
Rest not thy drooping limbs below, —
Above is thy repose.
And sweet, oh, sweet, that rest will be
To him who wins it here,
With faithful heart and fearless hand
Unscathed by guilt and fear.

And mid life's brightest, fairest scenes,
Then, soldier, then beware !
Though flowers are blooming round thy path,
Dark foes are lurking there.
Great is their might and keen the wounds
Of each infuriate dart ;
But blood, from Calvary's sacred fount,
Will ease their bitter smart.

Though sweet the voice of earthly fame,
And bright her laurels be,
In heaven a sweeter voice is heard
With brighter wreaths for thee.
These shalt thou wear, a seraph thou,
When all thy fields are won,
And death, the last great foe, is slain,
Through God's Anointed Son.

Then, soldier, lay thy armor down,
Thy battles all are o'er ;
Eternal rest awaits thee then,
On Canaan's peaceful shore ;
Pass through the gloomy stream of death,
And join the victor throng,
And swell through heaven's bright sounding realms
The Conqueror's glorious song !

“CASTING ALL YOUR CARE UPON HIM,
FOR HE CARETH FOR YOU.”



MORTAL, encumbered with care,
With trial and sorrow and woe,
With burdens too heavy to bear
While journeying onward below ;
Whose heart is nigh failing through fears ;
Whose prospects are shrouded in gloom ;
Whose cheeks bear the traces of tears
For griefs that the spirit consume ;
Whose hopes fondly cherished have fled,
Fled never to cheer thee again ;
Whose spirit too often hath bled
When its love brought but sorrow and pain, —

Look up, for a Helper is nigh,
His arm for thy succor is strong,
Oh, cease to despairingly sigh,
Burst forth in thanksgiving and song.
He is ready to shield and to save,
And to lighten each burden of grief ;
His Son for thy ransom he gave,
His Spirit to bring thee relief.
Look up ! he will gladden thy heart,
From his lips consolation shall fall ;
He will bear of thy burdens a part,
Till forever thou droppest them all.

Soon upward to mansions of rest
 Thy soul he will summon to rise,
 To shout the sweet songs of the blest
 And to wear the white robe of the skies,
 Where trials shall never be known,
 Where sighing and weeping shall cease ;
 For life's heavy cares shall be thrown
 Aside at the spirit's release.
 Thus shall it be with thee at last,
 But now, ere life's journey be o'er,
 On him let thy burdens be cast,
 Till thou bearest those burdens no more.



CHRIST IS PRECIOUS.



CHRIST is precious ! O my soul,
 Is he not to thee most dear,
 Dost thou not his sweet control
 Love to feel around thee here?
 Art thou burdened with thy fears?
 He can every fear allay ;
 Dost thou shed the mourner's tears?
 He can wipe those tears away.

Christ is precious — yes, when pain
 Racks this feeble frame of mine,
 And my spirit would complain,
 Murmur at the will divine ;

Then is my Redeemer nigh
To uphold me from despair,
Gently hush each rising sigh,
Aid me every pang to bear.

Christ is precious — 'tis his blood,
On the cross for sinners spilt,
Saves me from the wrath of God, —
Fearful punishment of guilt.
And when I in death lie down,
Joyful at his high command,
He shall my salvation crown
Glorious, at his own right hand.

Christ is precious — he forsakes
None who love to do his will,
All their streams of joy he makes
Sweeter, purer, deeper still;
Every grief he softly soothes,
Aids in every trial given,
And the rugged pathway smooths
Till the pilgrim enters heaven.

Christ is precious — if in life
He is so, my soul, to thee,
What, in thy last mortal strife,
Shall the dear Redeemer be?

Hark ! an answer from the grave,
 Hear the dying Christian sing,—
*“ Through His might who died to save
 Death has lost his fearful sting ! ”*



CHRISTIAN HOPE.



H, blissful hope ! Oh, hope divine,
 Of resurrection from the tomb,—
 That God will ope these eyes of mine,
 Though death may seal them now in gloom.

What though this mortal part decay
 Within the mouldering arms of earth ;
 Unscathed the soul shall wing its way
 Up to the land that gave it birth.

The sod that o'er me lies must break ;
 The grave must wide her portals fling ;
 This dust inanimate awake,
 And rise to meet its Judge and King.

Thanks be to God, though sin and strife
 Oppress us till our latest breath,
 Life is not here our only life,
 And death is not forever death.

Pass on, pass on, thou angel, Time,
And bear my destined years away ;
My spirit longs for life sublime,
Released from sin, and earth, and clay.

I care not, Time, how swift thy flight,
Approved be all thy fleeting hours,
If in their moments brief, aright
Be trained my soul's immortal powers.

For every rose I cherish here
Thou crushest 'neath thy ruthless feet,
Faith sees a flower above appear
In bloom more beautiful, more sweet !

For every broken earthly tie,
And wreck of friendship's altar riven,
There is a union formed on high,
A more enduring shrine in heaven.

Though often here my aching head
On thorny pillow finds repose,
There shall a blissful couch be spread,
All undisturbed by mortal woes.

Immortal life, immortal bliss,
Awaits me in celestial realms ;
Whose prospect, in a world like this,
My longing soul with joy o'erwhelms.

My bark hath all her canvas furled,
 Though stormy billows wildly roll ;
 The day-star of that glorious world
 Cheers sweetly on my steadfast soul.

Oh, joyful season ! welcome day,
 That sees my earthly fetters riven ;
 Speed, tardy hours, your dull delay,
 Your faster flight, my sooner heaven.



OUR EARTHLY HOUSE.

2 COR. V. 1.

THIS house of clay ! this house of clay !
 How swiftly o'er it steals
 The mournful shadow of decay,
 When time its ruin seals.

The storms of life unceasing beat
 Upon the haughty pile,
 And prove its grandeur all as fleet
 As sunset's transient smile.

Change comes, where mortal might defies,
 Her fearful trace to leave ;
 And morning's stately mansion lies
 A mouldering mass at eve.

Wealth cannot stay destruction's hand,
Or bribe him from his toil,
Or pomp, or pride, or high command,
Deter him from his spoil.

Love cannot turn destruction's breath
From frames of dust away ;
She pleads, but yet the grasp of death
Is on the cherished prey.

Though learning summons art to aid,
With skill and power sublime,
Art's boasted prowess yields dismayed
To mighty change and time.

Oh ! frail this house of clay, so dear,
To which we fondly cling,
Immortal guests it tenants here,
But 'tis a mortal thing.

The spirit born for God, to God
Shall wing its final flight ;
Its mansion, level with the sod,
Mould in oblivion's night.

Oh ! why to gild this mortal frame
Waste youth and strength and bloom,
When soon its ashes, void of name,
Shall fill the yawning tomb?

Ye poor in earth, but rich in heaven,
Through Christ accounted just,
Mourn not this worthless mansion given
Back to its kindred dust.

Ye have a nobler in the skies,
Not built by human hands;
Where everlasting pillars rise,
The promised dwelling stands.

Beyond, beyond the burning stars,
Where reigns the King of kings,
No blighting change its beauty mars,
Decay no shadow flings.

Oh! if such glorious mansion lifts
Above its head sublime,
Ye heirs of God's eternal gifts,
Weep not the wrecks of time.

**"FOR HERE WE HAVE NO CONTINUING
CITY."**

AP! weary pilgrim, up! and take
Thy staff and travel on;
Earth is no resting-place for thee,
For thou art not her son.

Then sigh not o'er her ruined hopes,
Shed not one bitter tear,
Thy all is centred in the skies,
Thou hast no city here.

Let fleeting wealth for others spread
Her vain, delusive snares;
Be thou not tempted by her charms,
Or burdened by her cares;
Her treasures fly on eagle wings,
As adverse fortunes frown;
Oh! win them not to mourn their flight,
And weep their brief renown.

What though the world may pass thee by
In cold and cruel scorn?
What though the storms of life beat harsh
Upon thy head forlorn?
Soon from thy Master's searching glance
Shall earth's proud children fly,
And soon the glorious rest of heaven
Shall sweetly meet thine eye.

Thy Master ! ah ! when here he toiled,
When here for man he bled,
No palace doors were open flung,
No costly feasts were spread ;
A manger was his cradle couch,
A weary life his doom,
A torturing cross his dying bed,
A borrowed rock his tomb.

His fare was e'er the poor man's fare,
His cot the poor man's cot ;
He had no realms, no city here,
He asked, he sought them not.
O pilgrim follower, cheer thy heart,
And wipe thy streaming eye !
Beyond, beyond this heartless world
Thy realms and city lie.

That city is no earthly one,
It bears no stains of sin,
And earthly pomp and earthly pride
Shall never enter in ;
There poverty's cold, crushing rain
Shall never, never fall,
Nor want, nor woe, nor wild despair
E'er spread their fearful pall.

Night folds not there her ebon wings,
For night is all unknown,
And moon, and sun, for in the midst
Is God's eternal throne ;
And from the face of Him who sits
High on the sacred seat,
Celestial glories ceaseless beam
And light each shining street.

Then closer draw thy mantle's folds,
And tarry not below ;
Fill high thy cup at Shiloh's fount
Where streams reviving flow,
And boldly face anew the hosts,
The frowning hosts of clay ;
Let not the foe o'ertake thee here,—
Up! weary one! away!

Behold thy city in the skies,
Behold thy treasures there ;
The casket that contains them, faith,
The key, unceasing prayer.
Soon shall thy spirit upward soar,
And then, oh, then, for thee
Shall that bright city's golden gates
Through Christ wide open be!

"I SHALL BE SATISFIED WHEN I AWAKE
IN THY LIKENESS."

PS. xvii. 15.



W HAT! wake in the likeness of God?
 Shall a being created of clay,
 When life's weary journey is trod,
 And its vigor bows down to decay;
 A creature so prone to depart
 From the pathway where duty appears;
 To yield to his wandering heart,
 And give for its errors but tears;
 So burdened with sorrows and cares,
 So pierced by adversity's thorn,
 Corruptible garments who wears,
 Soon put incorruptible on?

Shall the dust that is mouldering wake
 From its silence, inaneness, and gloom,
 And the bars of its prison-house break,
 The bonds of the desolate tomb?
 Shall it soar in the image divine
 To yon blissful and glorious sphere,
 And never lament or repine
 O'er the ills that encompass it here?
 Shall it dwell in the presence of Him,
 At whose sceptre the proudest must bow,
 With a crown that shall never grow dim,
 And the seal of the Lord on its brow?

Yea! such are the hopes of the soul
 That in Jesus, the ransom, confides;
 Though billows opposing may roll,
 Life's ocean undaunted it rides.
 Oh! hinder me not on the way,
 I am journeying on to the tomb;
 I welcome its dust and decay,
 Its silence, inaneness, and gloom.
 When the angel's loud trump to the skies
 Shall summon the children of men,
 In the image of Christ I shall rise,
 Oh! I shall be satisfied then!



SYMPATHY.

THERE is a voice, the sweetest voice
 That ever falls on mortal ear;
 It bids the drooping heart rejoice,
 That throbs with grief or thrills with fear;
 The voice of God's dear angels, when
 They whisper in the ears of men
 Their heavenly Father's words of love
 And promises of rest above.

There is a tear, a sacred tear ;
 It shines a pearl in memory's chain,
And falls for those who suffer here
 From want and wretchedness and pain.
Men often for themselves may weep,
In bitter tears their eyelids steep ;
But, oh, such tears are not like those
Shed for a fellow-creature's woes.

There is a smile, the loveliest smile
 That wreathes a lip of mortal mould ;
It speaks a heart that glows the while
 With love that never can grow cold ;
It flingeth o'er the human face
The light of beauty and of grace,
As summer sunset's golden ray
Gilds heaven's blue arch at closing day.


That sweetest voice, that sacred tear,
 That loveliest smile, I fondly crave ;
Oh, I *must* ever have them here !
 Life's storms *alone* I could not brave.
Its ills alone I could not bear
Without one heart to soothe or share ;
They must be mine till death shall come
To take me to my heavenly home.

Oh, when his pangs my frame shall shake,
And pale my cheek and dim my eye,
When one by one my life-cords break,
As faint I lay me down to die,
And *human* love avails no more
To soothe or cheer me or restore,—
How sweet, my soul, to thee shall be
Thy heavenly Father's sympathy.



SEED SOWN IN TEARS.

“HE THAT GOETH FORTH AND WEEPETH,” ETC. — Psalm cxxvi., 6.

 O forth with fearless hand and heart,
For God will bless thy toil,
And life to every seed impart
Thou givest to the soil,
If thou hast faith to trust his word,
And wait the harvest long deferred.

What though as sterile as the rock
Thy garden's soil may be,
And seem thy very hopes to mock
Its fruitfulness to see?
Lo! at His voice, mid briars and thorns,
The rose the wilderness adorns.

What though the clouds of heaven withhold
 Their treasures from the plain?
Ere long, as oft in days of old,
 Shall fall the tardy rain,
And, drinking deep, glad mother earth
Shall give the parching embryo birth.

What though no gentle breezes blow,
 No genial sunbeams warm ;
But rough winds sweeping to and fro
 Bring oft-repeated storm?
Jehovah bids the tempest cease,
And to the wild winds whispers peace.

What though rank weeds spring up beside
 Thy nurslings of the soil,
And men, thy fellow-men, deride
 Insultingly thy toil?
The weed shall wither to be burned ;
The scorn of men to praise be turned.

Who sows in grief, in joy shall reap
 In yon celestial sphere,
No more to toil, no more to weep,
 Forgotten every tear.
Then weary not, to thee is given
To sow on earth, but reap in heaven.

With thee, before thy Master's throne,
Thy golden sheaves shall stand,
Whose seed with sadness oft was sown
In earth's wild, barren land,
That bore, 'neath blessings from on high,
Immortal harvests for the sky.

Then sweetly on thy raptured ear
Thy Lord's approving voice
Shall fall, and banish every fear,
And bid thy heart rejoice, —
"O faithful servant! reign with me,
Thy crown and kingdom wait for thee."



PARAPHRASE OF THE EIGHTY-FOURTH
PSALM.

HOW pleasant are thy courts, O Lord;
How sweet the music of thy word;
My willing soul would oft repair,
And taste thy rich salvation there.

The swallow builds herself a nest;
Thine altars are a sacred rest;
Oh, blest are they who love thy ways,
Whose chief ambition is thy praise;

Who, passing through a thirsty land,
Or o'er the desert's scorching sand,
Can find a living fountain nigh,
And drink from thence and never die.

For they shall go from strength to strength,
In Zion to appear at length,
And in the presence of their King
Shall sound his praise and sweetly sing.

O Lord of hosts, hear thou my prayer ;
Be thou the shield my soul shall wear ;
Look on the face of Christ thy Son,
Accept us for what he has done.

Thy smiles are sweeter far, O Lord,
Than all the joys earth can afford ;
And dearer far is thy retreat
Than where the wicked love to meet.

Oh, wilt thou shield me while I live,
For thou canst grace and glory give ;
And no good thing wilt thou withhold,
Great Shepherd, from thy ransomed fold.

BEAR YE ONE ANOTHER'S BURDENS.



CHILD of God ! in pity bear
Thy brother's burdens here ;
His anguish soothe, his trials share,
And wipe his falling tear.

As oft he journeys on forlorn
By countless ills oppressed,
Let not thy coldness add a thorn
To pierce his wounded breast.

When faithless friends have all forgot,
Be thou his hope, his stay ;
And God, thy God, will leave thee not
In sorrow's darkest day.

Ask not if he deserve relief ;
Enough that from thy hand
His wretchedness, his want and grief,
Compassion's aid demand.

God questions not thy worthiness,
When, from his boundless stores,
His daily gifts to cheer and bless
Upon thy path he pours.

What though he may have injured thee,
E'en all beside above ;
Thy vengeance let thy kindness be,
Thy recompense thy love.

Degraded, outcast and oppressed,
E'en of a race accursed ;
Within compassion's feeling breast
Still be the sufferer nursed.

Oh, turn not from thy brother's woe,
Let heart and hand relieve ;
His weeping make thy tears o'erflow,
His grieving make thee grieve.

A few brief days, and side by side
Ye shall move on no more ;
Death, the destroyer, shall divide
The twain that were before.

But while together on ye roam,
Ere parting hours draw nigh,
Link hand with hand and home with home
In one fraternal tie.

Enkindle pure affection's flame
For hearts by sorrow riven ;
So life shall yield thee sweetest fame,
And death shall bring thee heaven.

The eye that sheds not pity's tear,
The heart that scorns to bear
A weary brother's burdens here,
Shall find no entrance there.



THE ANGEL'S VISIT.

AN angel from above the skies,
The heavenly Eden's bowers,
Came down, unseen by mortal eyes,
To view this world of ours ;
Sweet scenes he saw, that would recall
His own bright land again,
But sin's dark curse had marred them all, —
The fairest wore a stain.

Strange sights the angel saw below,
That stirred his bosom deep,
And made the founts of grief o'erflow, —
For angels e'en may weep.
He saw his Master's holy cross
By mortal feet trod down ;
The deathless soul esteemed no loss
To win a fleeting crown.

He passed by many a gorgeous fane
That human hands upraise,
Where dust o'er dust is proud to reign
A few brief passing days ;
The richest mansions earth has given,
To deck their little spot ;
But what were they, to those in heaven? —
The angel marked them not.

He heard the songs of festal mirth
They chant, who revel here ;
But, oh ! the sweetest strains of earth
Fell harshly on his ear ;
His thoughts went back to where ascends
The music of the skies,
Where love with purest rapture blends
In hearts whose voices rise.


But *one* thing here the angel saw
That could from heaven beguile,
And 'mid the scenes the just abhor
His pinions stay a while :
He saw contrition's earnest tear
Roll down a sinner's cheek,
That marked the spirit's grief sincere,
Grief lips can never speak.

He saw sin's heavy burden borne
To Calvary's sacred tree ;
The soul, in chains it long had worn,
Pray that it might be free ;
And when he saw its fetters riven,
Its load at Jesus' feet,
He stretched his wings and soared to heaven,
To bear the tidings sweet.

Then countless harps were quickly strung
Where golden streets are trod,
The victory of the Lamb was sung,
The sinner's birth to God !
Ye sons of earth, if change like this
Moves heavenly beings so,
Oh, what must be the world of bliss,
And what the world of woe ?

THESE ARE THEY WHO CAME OUT OF
GREAT TRIBULATION.

REV. VII. 13, 14.

HO are these in robes of white,
Round the great Eternal's throne?
On their brows a seal of light,
Chanting with celestial tone :
"Glory, glory to the Lamb !
Blessing to the King of Kings,
Honor to the great I Am !"
Every tongue with rapture sings.

These are they who once below
Perished in the martyr's flame ;
Bade their blood for Jesus flow,
Dying, triumphed in his name.
These are they whose lives were crowned
With religion's holy zeal,
On the torturing rack who found
Peace their murderers could not feel.

These are they who cheerful dwelt
In the desert and the cave,
Where the love of God they felt,
Where they drank salvation's wave.

These are they who bore the cross
Meekly, and with willing feet,
Counting all but heaven as dross,
Deeming death for Jesus sweet.

Oft their faith the brightest showed
'Mid the world's increasing gloom,
And their path with glory glowed
As they journeyed to the tomb.
Heavenly hopes devotion fired,
Tuned to rapture every tongue ;
Heavenly zeal their souls inspired,
Fear and doubt aside were flung.

Thus they sojourned here, till death
Set them from affliction free ;
Ever, to their latest breath,
Mighty God, adoring thee.
Now around thy throne they dwell,
Ne'er to suffer want and pain ;
Hark ! their songs triumphant swell,
Worthy is the Lamb to reign.

Thou dost lead these faithful ones
Through thy vast celestial realms,
Where beat down no scorching suns,
Where no raging storm o'erwhelms ;

Where eternal beauty reigns,
 And purest crystal waters bound,
 Sweetly flow o'er swelling plains
 With immortal verdure crowned.

There the wicked vex no more,
 And the weary are at rest ;
 Persecution's reign is o'er,
 Love and peace fill every breast.
 Lo ! they are the conquerors now,
 Once the victims of the sword,
 And their haughty murderers bow
 To the strong arm of the Lord.

Thou dost wipe away the tears
 Gently from the mourner's eyes,
 For the blight of pain and years
 Give the bloom that never dies.
 God of mercy ! may we so
 Share the blessings of thy love,
 As thou art our all below,
 Be our all in heaven above !

GOD MY REFUGE.

THOU canst not aid me, earth ; thy Maker, Lord,
My refuge is ; on his unfailing word
I lean, until to life and strength restored.

He is my fortress ; here will I abide,
Within the strong rock of my refuge hide,
Secure from sorrow's storm and passion's tide.

He is my keeper ; on his watchful eye
From night till morn, till night again is nigh,
No heavy dews of sleep o'erpowering lie.

The flaming sun shall smite me not by day ;
Mild shall beat down his fiercest noontide ray,
When o'er wide deserts lies my toilsome way.

The moon's soft beams shall all my nights illume,
Brighten the tempest's swiftly gathering gloom,
Light my soul heavenward, shine upon my tomb.

No pestilential breath that round me springs,
No fatal dart the pale destroyer flings
Can harm me, hiding 'neath Jehovah's wings.


When locked in slumber, round my pillow stand
My Father's angels, — a commissioned band, —
While he extends his own protecting hand.

Fearless and joyful, in and out I go
Through earth's wide region wandering to and fro,
The care of Heaven ; who dares to such be foe?

Soon shall my Master call me up on high,
Swift my freed spirit to his presence fly,
Where pain in bliss and death in life shall die.



THEN ALL THE DISCIPLES FORSOOK HIM
AND FLED.

HAT! in that fearful hour
Did all forsake thee, Lord?
When men arose in scorn and power
With spear and stave and sword,
As if heaven's meekness would oppose
The sinful rage of earthly foes.

When, veiled in friendship's guise,
Came fawning treachery, where
Once from its lips were wont to rise
With thine, deep words of prayer ;
Were there no thoughts that burned within
The soul of that dark man of sin?

The torch its pale light threw
On thy majestic form
Alone, for each had proved untrue
And fled the coming storm ;
Even he who on that sacred spot
Had vowed till death to leave thee not !

Oh, tell me not of grief
When friends that grief may share ;
For other tears may bring relief,
Kind words may comfort bear ;
But when the last we love depart
Earth cannot heal the spirit's smart.

Such, holy Son of God,
Such was thy lot below ;
They who with thee life's journey trod
At last were first to go, —
To leave thee in thine hour of need ;
Such was thy grief, and grief indeed.

Ye followers of the cross,
To him who bore it dear,
Who vainly sorrow o'er the loss
Of earthly friendship here, —
Think, he whose death your ransom paid
Was once forsaken, scorned, betrayed.

What though it add a sting
To grief if borne alone,
When friends who soothed in life's sweet spring
With those blest days have flown, —
Though all earth's friendship ties be riven,
Nought breaks the golden chains of Heaven!



DEPARTURE.

MOUNT, my soul, from earth and time,
To thy mansion in the skies;
Longing for those realms sublime,
Break thy fetters, upward rise.
Guardian angels hover nigh,
Whispering oft in gentle tone,
Fearless with thine escort fly,
They shall lead thee to the throne.

Cling not to these mortal shores,
Doomed to darkness and decay,
While upon thy vision pours
Light from heaven's eternal day.
Thou shalt tread yon golden streets,
To the ransomed freely given,
Joyful quaff ten thousand sweets
From the blissful streams of heaven.

Art thou shrinking from the tomb,
 Shuddering at its chilling air?
 Once, regardless of its gloom,
 Christ, thy Saviour, slumbered there.
 He hath risen, so thou shalt stay
 Briefly 'neath the burial sod,
 Rise from thence and soar away,
 Up to thy Creator, God.



BE NOT WEARY IN WELL-DOING.

BE not weary, be not weary,
 Christian, in the field of toil,
 Though the way be dark and dreary,
 Hopeless seem the stony soil.
 Seed that buried lies the longest,
 Oft springs fairest from the sod,
 And the weakest arm is strongest,
 Through the holy might of God.

Linger not before the portal
 Of a labor so sublime ;
 Lo ! its fruits are life immortal
 In the coming harvest-time.
 Like the just, in days of olden,
 Be thou faithful to the Word ;
 Thou shalt bear a sheaf as golden
 To the presence of thy Lord.

Ever fondly, deeply cherish
Memory of thy Saviour's name,
Who, that thou shouldst never perish,
Died upon the cross of shame.
Shall the servant shrink to follow
Where his bright examples shine,
Though the sinful world and hollow
Idle deem the work divine?

Be not weary, be not weary,
Heal the heart with anguish riven ;
To the home of sorrow dreary
Bear a radiant beam from heaven.
Lo ! the day of life is waning,
Swift the night of death comes on ;
Vain will be the heart's complaining
O'er the hours misspent and gone.

Cheerful toil, and never falter,
Till, commissioned from on high,
Icy death thy hand shall alter,
Blanch thy cheek, and dim thine eye.
Then thy toils forever ended,
By the Faithful owned and blest,
By thy Master's voice commended,
Rise to everlasting rest.

THE ANSWERED PRAYER.



h, spare my child !” a mother cried,

“ Oh, spare my darling child !”

His dying couch she sat beside,

Her eye with sorrow wild.

She cannot yield her treasure *now*,

Her tear of anguish falls ;

Oh, wherefore, mother, weepest thou ?

’Tis God thy loved one calls.

“ Nay, for he must not, cannot die ;

O great and holy One,

Behold in mercy from on high

And spare my only son !” —

Down from the regions of the blest

To her inferior home,

Bright angels from the Father’s breast

On wings of healing come.

Unseen by mortal eye they breathe

Upon the sufferer fair,

And lo ! what living beauties wreath

The marble features there.

The blue eyes ope, the young breast heaves

With motion soft and slow,

The damp of death the forehead leaves,

And life’s warm currents flow.

"He lives! he lives!" the mother cries,

"My treasure back is given;"

She hath forgot her prayers and sighs

Have won her babe from heaven.

The child, that else a cherub bright

Had soared to regions fair,

Is back returned to mortal sight,

In answer to her prayer. —

Years roll; the boy to manhood grown

From paths of virtue strays,

And ends in shame and guilt alone

The remnant of his days.

Weary and worn the mother passed

From earth when life was done,

But in her heaven of bliss at last

Found not her only son.



"I WILL GIVE MYSELF UNTO PRAYER."

TO prayer! to prayer! the tempter's hand
 Hath spread a net to lure my feet;
 Would'st thou, my soul, his might withstand?
 Oh, hie thee to the mercy-seat.

Pour forth in earnest tone thy voice,

And ask for aid on suppliant knee;

Then in thy Maker's grace rejoice

O'er sin, that hath not conquered thee.

To prayer! to prayer! the church of God
Is slumbering o'er her toil forgot,
While stalks her direst foe abroad,
And weaves destruction's fearful plot.
On many a lofty wall and tower
The watchman's warning trump is dumb:
Wake, Zion, wake, for in this hour
Thy King to judgment forth may come.

To prayer! to prayer! from o'er the sea,
Where grossest errors hold their sway,
Comes back the heathen's earnest plea
For tidings of salvation's way.
Who from these ranks of ours shall go,
A guide to brighter worlds on high?
Would'st thou thy duty, Christian, know,
Lift up thy voice, Lord, is it I?

To prayer! to prayer! the world around
Hath evil hid in every place,
And feet are treading holy ground,
That came not there through paths of grace.
In Israel's army many fight
With carnal weapons in their hands,
And where her watch-fires fling their light,
Oftimes the prince of darkness stands.

To prayer ! to prayer ! the time draws nigh
When ye shall cease to toil and pray ;
The angel's trump shall sound on high,
And men to judgment pass away.
Church of the living God ! arise,
And do thy Master's holy will ;
Plead for his grace with tears and cries
Till every promise he fulfil.



THE DYING MOTHER'S PRAYER FOR HER
CHILDREN.

THE lingering sunbeams bathed her couch
In floods of golden light ;
But, oh, upon her brow there lay
A radiance far more bright.
The kindling of the passing soul
With heaven's undying fire
Told that the faint, dull lamp of clay
Forever should expire.

The dying mother oped her lips
In sweet and fervent prayer ;
Her little ones were gathered round,
And all save one was there :

All, save the firstling of the flock, —
And where, oh, where was he?
Tossed by the tempest's angry blast
Upon the wild, dark sea.

Each childish sob was hushed the while,
Each broken voice was mute ;
Her words were breathed in soft, low tones,
Like echoes of the lute.
Clasped in her arms her infant lay,
And from its nestling place
Its blue eye wandered wonderingly
O'er that sweet, pallid face.

“ O heavenly Father ! to thy care
These little ones I give ;
The flowers are frail, but thy blest smile
Can make them bloom and live.
Here let the dew of thy rich love
Fall like spring's gentle rain,
And for thy garden in the skies
These plants immortal train.

“ And not alone for these I pray,
Now folded to my breast, —
My first-born ; oh, in blessing these
Dear ones, let *him* be blest.

Guide thou the wanderer safely o'er
Life's wild, tumultuous sea,
To glorious ports of endless peace, —
To heaven's bright world, — to thee.

“'Tis thus I leave them to thy care,
The first-born and the last;
My dying lips have said ‘farewell,’
The parting hour is past.
Celestial music greets my ear,
Celestial glories shine;
I go, — sweet tones are calling me, —
My Father, they are thine!”

She ceased; a wail of orphan woe
Through death's sad chamber rung;
Back from her cold and lifeless form
Fond hands the raiment flung.
In vain, — through those still veins no more
Swept life's inspiring tide, —
A rapturous smile seemed lingering still;
But all had changed beside.

THE CROSS.

THE Cross ! the Cross ! oh, evermore it shineth
Brightly and sweetly on the upward way
The pilgrim treads, who worldly state resigneth
For richer honors in the realms of day ;
He folds his meek hands on his trusting breast,
His guide the Cross, and presses home to rest.

The Cross ! the Cross ! the Saviour's benediction
Floats on the breezes of its hallowed air ;
Children of grief, the cup of your affliction
No more is bitter if ye drink it there.
Upon the shades of sorrow's night it gleams
With hope unfading with celestial beams.

The Cross ! the Cross ! gather, ye poor and lowly,
Ye scorned of earth, around its glorious form ;
Fix ye the eye of faith, serene and holy,
On its bright head, sublime above the storm ;
Cling ye to this ; here shall ye safe abide
When the proud world in terror strives to hide.

The Cross ! the Cross ! may every pain and pleasure
Of thine, my soul, by this be sanctified ;
Place there thy hope, hoard only there thy treasure,
Quell wild ambition and subdue thy pride ;
Dash every idol from thy bosom down
By the remembrance of His thorny crown.

The Cross! the Cross! the flame that gilds it burneth
 Brightest and best when shrinks the fainting soul;
 Death's blackest night to noonday lightness turneth,
 As through the vale its waves of radiance roll.
 The dying Christian hails, with kindling eye,
 The glowing guide to realms of bliss on high.



HEAVEN.

HERE is a river — o'er it bend
 No flowers that bloom to fade;
 Upon its sunny, verdant banks
 No blighting hand is laid;
 It is as pure as angel breasts,
 And 'neath its waters lie
 The richest, brightest gems e'er spread
 To mortal's wondering eye.

No storm's dark mantle from above
 Upon that stream is thrown;
 The azure vault that o'er it hangs
 To storms is all unknown.
 And every bark, howe'er so rich
 Or poor the freight it bear,
 May safely ride its peaceful waves, —
 There are no shipwrecks there.

There is a home where gentle peace
Reigns in the troubled breast ;
Where all the weary, worn-out frames
Of earth's forsaken rest ;
The friendship ties that bind their hearts
Are not earth's faithless ties ;
The love that on their true hearts shines
Is love that neves dies.

No spoiler's hand can ever rend
That home's bright band in twain ;
They go not o'er the threshold there
Who come not back again.
No mother e'er her darling child
The shroud's pale garment gave,
And the green earth is never oped
To make the loved a grave.

There is a throng, forever clothed
In beautiful array,
Who sing with golden harps around
The altar night and day, —
Oh! worthy, worthy is the Lamb,
The Lamb for sinners slain,
Who slew the powers of death and hell
Eternally to reign.

The faces of this joyous throng
With dazzling beauty shine,
And wreaths of amaranthine flowers
Their spotless foreheads twine.
They bear no marks of pale decay,
They breathe no mournful sighs,
A heavenly hand has wiped all tears
Forever from their eyes.

There is a land more beautiful
Than Eden in its prime, —
A land whose turf is never stained
By guilt and blood and crime.
No desert's scorching sands are there,
Or whirlwind's furious breath ;
The fields and flow'rets never fade
Beneath the feet of death.

That land has founts of joy and bliss
Men never find below,
Who drink, but drink to thirst again,
And mourn to find it so.
The waters of those fountains sweep
O'er many a golden plain,
And they who stoop to quench their thirst
Need never thirst again.

Where is that river o'er which bend
Sweet flowers that never fade ;
That home whose shrines of love and peace
Are ne'er in ruins laid ;
That throng to whom those golden harps
And deathless wreaths are given,
That beauteous land? — oh ! not on earth,
For they are all of heaven.

Eye hath not seen, ear hath not heard,
The glories of that place,
Where Jesus to his faithful ones
Unveils his shining face ;
Where they who calmly, meekly, here
For Christ their Lord were slain,
Now sitting at his own right hand,
With him triumphant reign.

Why should I count those charms to please
The worldling here employs,
When faith and hope would bear me up
To these immortal joys !
O Saviour, from a world like this
Grant I may e'er be free,
That sooner heavenly gales may waft
My longing soul to thee !

THE SONG OF THE DYING PILGRIM.



H! bury me here by the Holy Tomb,
O comrades, bury me here!
And sorrow ye not for the pilgrim's doom,
Or weep o'er his hallowed bier!

I have travelled far from my father's lands,
And my bark hath the wild sea tossed,
I have traversed Arabia's burning sands,
And the waves of Jordan crossed.

My guide by day was a scorching sun,
And by night a feeble star;
But I turned not back from the march begun,
From the journey rough and far.

Oft have I slept where the lion lay
Concealed in his fearful lair,
And the wolf growled o'er his struggling prey,
But there came no helper there;

And shuddered oft o'er the bleaching bones
Of a hapless victim slain,
And carried them far from the rocks and stones,
And buried them on the plain.

I pressed the cross to my burning brow,
And my wildly beating heart ;
And I felt that He who is with me now
Would ne'er from my side depart.

They say 'tis sweet on the field to die,
On the gory battle-field,
When the air resounds with the victors' cry,
And the foeman's doom is sealed.

But far more welcome is death to me
By my Master's Holy Tomb ;
No sting he bears, and no pang hath he,
And no shade of fear and gloom.

They say 'tis a proud and a deathless name
That an earthly conqueror bears ;
That heralds trumpet his deeds of fame,
And a jewelled crown he wears.

But sweeter by far is the pure renown
To the pious pilgrim given ;
And richer and brighter by far the crown
That his Lord bestows in heaven.

The pilgrim's strife is no earthly strife,
And he bears no mortal arms ;
He warreth not for his brother's life,
And the vain world's victor palms.

The foes of the pilgrim are within,
And fierce is the war they wage ;
But he boldly strives with the hosts of sin,
With their malice and their rage.

And e'er, when the contest rages high,
And he trembles in despair,
The hosts of his Lord to help are nigh,
If he lifts his heart in prayer.

They put in his hand a keen-edged sword,
Which they bid him fearless wield,
And they bring him the armor of the Lord,
And a never-failing shield.

Now fold my hands on my aching breast,
For my battles all are won ;
And lift me up that my eyes may rest
On the tomb of God's holy Son.

Hark ! hark to the vesper bell's slow toll, —
It comes on my dying knell !
One prayer, one prayer for my passing soul ;
Farewell to ye, brothers ! Farewell !

PRAYER FOR THE ABSENT.

BLESS thou the absent, O my God ! remember
Those whom I fondly cherish, far away ;
Some in the season of life's drear December,
Some in its summer, and its soft spring day.
Kindly regard them, O thou Holy One,
For the dear sake of thine anointed Son !

Bless thou the absent, when the light of morning
Flashes in splendor over land and sea,
When from the gorgeous clouds the east adorning
Breaks forth the golden sun sublimely free.
Scatter rich blessings on their devious way,
And guide their footsteps through the coming day.

Bless thou the absent, when the eve, returning,
Summons the weary to a welcome rest ;
When night's first silver star is sweetly burning,
Gem-like and pure on heaven's cerulean breast.
Send them soft slumbers, soothing pain and care,
And let thine angels fold their pinions there.

Bless thou the absent, in the hour of trial,
Help them to battle in thy holy might,
Give back the tempter strong words of denial,
And victors stand upon the field of fight.
Cleanse them from every earthly stain and dross,
Teach them to seek the crown beneath the cross.

Bless thou the absent, in the hour of sorrow,
When the wide world seems lonely, dark and drear;
Rich consolation may they ever borrow
From thine own Word, to thine own children dear.
There may each promise sweet, a healing balm,
The deep, keen anguish of the spirit calm.

Bless thou the absent; guide and guard them ever
Through life, in death, and to that world on high,
Where care and grief and trial enter never,
Where death itself in endless life shall die;
And the long-parted meet around thy throne,
Unknown to tears, to farewell words unknown.



THE SABBATH BELL.

BORNE on the summer breeze along,
Swelling and dying, a holy song,
It comes to the listening ears of men,
From city, and plain, and hill, and glen,
Flinging o'er earth a sacred spell,
For dear to God is the Sabbath bell.

It comes to the pilgrim old and gray,
And he leans awhile on his staff to pray;
Then presses on in the narrow road
That hath its end in the saints' abode;

And he blesses God as he hears the swell,
The heavenly sound of the Sabbath bell.

It comes to the bright-eyed, joyful child,
With his bounding step and his laughter wild ;
The mirth is hushed on his lip so fair,
And his young feet turn with reverence where
Peal forth the notes that he knows so well, —
The summons sweet of the Sabbath bell.

It comes to the man of worldly care,
Calling him up to the house of prayer ;
But he hears the sound with an idle ear, —
It hath no note to his spirit dear ;
Loving the things of the world too well,
He careth not for the Sabbath bell.

It comes to the Christian, journeying on
In the way that his risen Lord hath gone ;
He hails this day, with its hallowed strain,
As a golden link in the seven days' chain ;
And his soul is thrilled by the full, rich swell,
The deep-toned voice of the Sabbath bell.

Ye are passing fast, ye golden days,
Whose music peals to Jehovah's praise ;
But the ransomed soon to their God shall rise,
To a holier church in the heavenly skies,
And need ye not, with your sacred swell,
For the voice of the Lord is the Sabbath Bell.

SUNDAY SCHOOL ANNIVERSARY HYMN.

PRAISE the song of jubilee !
Let it echo loud and free ;
Unto God our praise shall be, —
God who dwells above.

Praise him with our youthful powers,
For these sweet and sacred hours ;
Blessings on our path he showers, —
Tokens of his love.

May we early seek his face,
Learn his will, adore his grace,
Children of a fallen race,
Saved through Jesus' name.
Light divine to *us* is given, —
Friends, who point the way to heaven ;
God's own truths, at morn and even,
Endless life reveal.

Shall his goodness be forgot,
Who hath cast our happy lot
In this highly favored spot,
Free from error's sway ?
Oh, may every youthful breast
Be with love for him possessed,
By his gifts so richly blessed,
In life's early day.

Let not *one* of this dear band
Fail to reach the heavenly land,
Round the great white throne to stand,
Singing, God is love !
Praise is there the sweet employ,
Bliss which sin can ne'er destroy ;
Perfect life and perfect joy
Fill the world above.



THE ARM OF THE LORD.



H, the arm of the Lord is my shield and my sword !
And I fear not though foemen are nigh ;
Their hosts will he smite by the blow of his might,
And the vanquished before him shall fly.

Though Satan may rage and new forces engage
To conquer my soul in the fray,
The strongest shall fail, for the Lord will prevail,
And win for his chosen the day.

Though the waters of woe may my spirit o'erflow,
They shall never, no, never destroy ;
I will lean on the Arm that shall quell my alarm,
And turn all my mourning to joy.

Though I on the brink of despondency sink
At the sight of corruptions within ;
From the depths of despair that Arm shall upbear
My spirit, and free it from sin.

Each burden shall roll like a weight from my soul,
And strength shall my weakness renew ;
With joy the bright road to a blissful abode
My feet shall unfettered pursue.

That Arm is my hope when in darkness I grope,
And aside from life's pathway it throws
The briars and thorns, and the wild waste adorns
With the bloom of the myrtle and rose.

When pain and distress my spirit oppress,
That Arm, everlasting and sure,
Shall 'neath me be laid, imparting sweet aid
And grace to the end to endure.

When the angel of death shall enfeeble my breath,
And the valley I tremblingly tread,
The Arm of the Lord shall its succor afford,
And banish my terror and dread.

Blest Arm of the Lord ! be thou ever adored
Till my spirit no longer shall faint,
And thou makest the ground of death's vale to resound
With the shouts of a triumphing saint.

"I WOULD NOT LIVE ALWAY."



H, no ! I would not always live,
I could not bear to dwell
Forever where the curse of God
In awful justice fell ;
I would not always live where sin
Has made her dark abode,
Though dim the light to purer worlds,
And rough and wild the road.

Though swiftly to earth's highest bliss
Might beat my youthful heart, .
Still I should hear my secret soul
Exclaim, " I would depart."
The garlands of that bliss would fade,
And, dying, seem to say, —
All, all is vain and transient here,
And destined to decay.

I would not always live where those
I love so soon depart ;
Too often o'er the coffined bier
There bends a breaking heart.
Too oft the language of the soul
Is sorrow's touching strain,
And words of mortal sympathy
She asks, but asks in vain.

And yet upon the cherished dead,
Released from earthly woes,
I love to gaze, and think how sweet,
How blest, is their repose.
Life's storms may gather o'er their graves,
But all is peace within ;
And they who wear the shroud sleep on,
Nor heed the tempest's din.

Oh, no ! I would not always live
Where friendship bears a thorn,
Where lips that wreath in smiles to-day,
To-morrow curl in scorn,
And wasted love too oft returns
To wound the giver's heart,
While he who scorns the proffered gift
E'en triumphs o'er the smart.

Where life is but a weary chase
For phantoms seldom grasped ;
Whose stings, too late, are mourned, concealed
Beneath the treasure clasped ;
Where grovelling hope ne'er lifts the soul
To heaven's undying bliss,
But turns her wings from brighter worlds,
And chains them down to this ;

Where o'er life's way, too oft unchecked,
Fierce passions wildly sweep,

Like angry billows mad career
Swift o'er the troubled deep.
Give me a calmer, purer sea,
Where barks in safety ride,
And reach the port and never wreck
On passion's raging tide.

I would not always have my heart
So darkly stained with guilt,
So reckless of the precious blood
On Calvary freely spilt,
Now yielding to the tempter's voice,
Now flying from his snare;
Now living on in sinful ease,
Now roused to grief and prayer.

I would not always have my love
So trifling and so cold
For Christ, when his for me nor earth
Nor heaven can ever hold;
'Tis fathomless as is the sea,
And countless as the sands
That sleep beneath the waves that dash
Along her mighty strands.

He left a throne, a glorious crown,
A shameful cross to bear,
The realms of bliss to win for man
A right to enter there.

And can I e'er his love forget?
Alas! too oft below
The waters of its fount I drink,
But ask not whence they flow!

Oh, no! I would not always live
'Mid darkness, sin and strife;
Thrice blesséd be the golden hopes
Of pure, celestial life;
And welcome death! I fear thee not,
Earth I would glad resign,
Would always live in heaven above;
My God! that life be mine!



DEATH OF A MISSIONARY.*

THERE comes a cry from a foreign soil,
On the spicy breezes sweeping;
For death has darkened a field of toil,
And finished another's reaping.

Among the first in the faithful band,
With her precious sheaves around her,
And the keen-edged sickle in her hand,
At her Master's work he found her.

* Mrs. Sarah D. Comstock.

She held it firm in her ceaseless clasp,
Till her labors all were ended ;
Then laid it down, with a shout, to grasp
The crown which her Lord extended.

There comes a cry o'er the swelling wave,
And the breath of bitter sighing ;
For a throng are pressing around the grave
Where a stranger's dust is lying.

They tell of the deeds the stranger wrought
In her heavenly love and kindness ;
They tell of the lamp of life she brought
To the heathen's world of blindness.

They tell of the glorious cross they greet,
She reared in that land of sorrow,
Where the guiltiest souls find pardon sweet,
And the saddest comfort borrow.

They tell of the freedom that cross reveals
To their weary, sin-bound nation ;
Of their idols crushed 'neath the mighty wheels
Of the car of Christ's salvation.

They mourn that her kindred were not nigh
When the death-stroke came to sever ;
That only *one* for the dim, dark eye
Could weep, as it closed forever.

For a *mother's* hand, that softly smooths
For the loved the dying pillow,
And a *sister's* voice, that sweetly soothes,
Were far o'er the heaving billow.

Well may they weep ; for it was for these,
Who whisper in tears her story,
She crossed the foam of the raging seas,
A herald of life and glory.

She came to tell to that strange, dark land,
Of His love who hath sweetly won them ;
To link their hearts to the Christian band,
With the seal of the Lord upon them.

And now the praise of her God is sung,
And his sacred ties are cherished
Where the chant of the senseless idol rung,
And the living victim perished.

But the voice that spake shall speak no more,
In its tone of triumph swelling ;
For the wail that echoes from that wild shore
Of the heathen's loss is telling.

Rest, loved one, rest, for thy work is done, —
Go, dust, to thy dreamless slumber ;
Mount, soul, to the crown and the white robe won,
And the bliss of the sainted number.


And ye, whose sorrow hath wrung your hearts
Till your tears like rain are falling,
Know ye, when the child of the cross departs,
It is at the Master's calling?

What though not back o'er the ocean tide
She came, to her home's glad greeting ;
The doors of a *brighter* opened wide,
And she waiteth *there* the meeting !



DEDICATION OF BAPTIST MEETING-HOUSE,
BROOKLINE,

WEDNESDAY EVENING, DEC. 1, 1858.

TERNAL Father ! Sovereign Lord !
We read, recorded in thy word,
Thy servants built a house of prayer,
And thou didst meet and bless them there :

So, longing here thy face to see,
A temple, Lord, we build for thee ;
Oh, let the sacred fire appear
Upon the new-made altar here !

Come, thou celestial Spirit ! come,
And make these earthly courts thy home ;
Here oft the burdened soul relieve,
And bid the mourner cease to grieve.

O Cross ! whereon to bleed and die
Our Ransom was uplifted high ;
The memory of the thorn, the spear,
Forever be exalted here !

Here, Lord, may age grow ripe for heaven,
And manhood's strength to thee be given ;
Youth in its freshness seek thy face,
And childhood sing thy saving grace.

So shall these earthly courts prepare
Our souls for nobler worship, where
The temple of thy glory stands,—
The heavenly House not made with hands.

RECOGNITION OF REV. WILLIAM LAM- SON, D.D.,

AS PASTOR OF THE BAPTIST CHURCH, BROOKLINE,

Sabbath Evening, January 29, 1860.



WELCOME! thou servant of the Lord!
Welcomè, this flock of God to lead
Through the rich pastures of his word,
And on his promises to feed.

Welcome, for us, with words divine
To break the sacramental bread,
And pour the emblematic wine,—
Type of the blood our Ransom shed.

Stand on our Zion's walls and lift
Before the mourner's weeping eye
Salvation's priceless, peerless gift,
The cross upreared on Calvary.

Welcome for souls to watch and pray,
With love that faith makes strong and bold,
While we thine hands unwearied stay,
As Aaron's hands were stayed of old.

Welcome our griefs and joys to share,
Thine shall be ours, and ours be thine;
Each other's burdens will we bear
Before the throne of grace divine.

Almighty God ! whose sovereign will
Ordains such unions here in thee,
Now with thyself this people fill,
So to thy glory it shall be !



“I AM THE WAY, THE TRUTH, AND THE
LIFE.”

I AM the Way ! I am the Way !”
The holy Saviour meekly said ;
The sacred path, ye sons of clay,
With joy and loud thanksgiving tread.

“I am the road to endless peace,
The guide to purity and bliss,
When earthly cares and sorrows cease,
And sin that clouds a world like this.
By me may mortals hope to win
Eternal blessedness and rest,
By me alone to enter in
The sainted mansions of the blest.

“I am the Truth ! I am the Truth !
A pure and never-failing spring ;
Come, weary age and buoyant youth,
And drink the waters which I bring.

Ye in life's morn, come ere your lips
Have drank from error's gilded cup,
That death conceals for him who sips,
Yet lures the heart to drink it up ;
Oh ! from my fountain quench your thirst !
Who drinks its waters never dies ;
In him shall springs life-giving burst
Whose waves are of the upper skies.

" I am the Life ! I am the Life !
The living source of real joy,
That doubt and fear and woe and strife
And death itself can ne'er destroy ;
It is beyond the reach of time
That chills and withers joy below,
Transporting, lasting and sublime,
That saints and angels only know.
By me ye may, with peaceful breath,
Restore the dust from whence 'twas given,
Rise scatheless from the arms of death
To endless life and bliss in heaven.

" I am the Way, the Truth, the Life !
Ye weary, heavy laden, come ;
Rest, sweetly rest from toil and strife
Forever in my glorious home !"
'Twas thus the meek Redeemer spake,
And, burning on the sacred page,
His guiding beams to glory break.
Through darkness still from age to age.

O Saviour! we in early youth
Yield up to thee our hearts, our powers;
We tread thy *path*, drink in thy *truth*,
Make thou thy *life eternal ours!*



THE REPLY OF RUTH TO NAOMI.

NTREAT me not! entreat me not!
I cannot go from thee;
Oh, dreary, dreary is my lot,
If thou art not with me.
Why dost thou ask me? have I e'er
Been less to thee than true?
I, from whose heart thy image ne'er
A moment's absence knew?

Hast thou forgot that age has set
His seal upon thy brow?
Though beauty's traces linger yet
To show what once wert thou;
Thy tottering step, thy trembling hand,
Thine eyes he dim hath made;
How wilt thou reach a stranger land
Without thy wonted aid?

Hast thou forgotten her who gives
To thee the strength of youth,
As thou hast lived for her, who lives
For thee, thy faithful Ruth?
Hast thou forgotten her who sings
Thy griefs and cares away,
Till tardy moments spread their wings
And speed the closing day?

Thou shalt not wander forth alone
To toil, and beg for bread,
On changeful fortune's bounty thrown,
While I am richly fed.
No! where thou goest I will go,
Where other mountains rise,
And other waters darkly flow, —
The world before us lies.

How could I love the light of home,
The hearth-stone kindling warm,
And know that thou wert forced to roam,
Exposed to every storm?
Sleep would not come on wings of peace,
With wreaths of balmy flowers,
My soul to seek thee would not cease
All through the midnight hours.

And where thou livest I will live,
In some wild mountain cave,
Where passing storms a tribute give,
And gloomy cedars wave.
The hand that kindly succors thee
Shall for my wants provide ;
Thy home, though rough and rude it be,
Shall shelter me beside.

And where thou diest I will die,
Within our own sweet land,
Or 'neath a sterner, colder sky,
Or on a burning sand.
Together may our fleeting breath
To Israel's God be given ;
Together may we sleep in death,
Together wake in heaven !

Oh, let me share thy weight of woe,
The burden of thy care ;
My heart shall never weary grow,
Or shrink its load to bear.
I cannot, cannot part with thee,
Above, below the sod ;
Thy people shall *my* people be,
Thy God shall be *my* God !

DAVID'S LAMENTATION FOR SAUL AND
JONATHAN.

2 SAM. I. 17-29.

NOW lieth the beauty
Of Israel now ;
Darkness hath shrouded
Her warrior's brow.

There's a stain on her banner
A thorn in her crown,
A blight and a shade
On her peerless renown ;
A wail hath arisen from mountain and plain, —
The mighty have fallen, the valiant are slain !

Hang on the dark willows
The timbrel and lute ;
Let the voice of rejoicing
In sorrow be mute ;
Let the land by the sound
Of our mourning be shaken ;
A dirge for the dead
Through the wide realm awaken ;
Send forth on the breezes a requiem strain, —
The mighty have fallen, the valiant are slain !

The swifter than eagles
The slowest pass by,
The stronger than lions
All helplessly lie.

Woe, woe to the slayer !
Accursed be the hand
That snatched for its victims
The pride of our land !
A strength and a glory she ne'er shall regain, —
The mighty have fallen, the valiant are slain !

Their sword from its scabbard
E'er fearlessly flew,
Their bow the swift arrow
Unerringly threw ;
But their weapons unfailing
Are flung, as though vile,
On the broken, crushed arms
Of the massacred pile ;
And their plume-crested helmets the red dust shall
stain, —
The mighty have fallen, the valiant are slain !

Like the cedars of Lebanon
Hewn in their pride,
By the blow of the spoiler
Our noblest have died ;
For a pæan of triumph
There comes but a wail,
And the flushed cheek with sorrow
Turns fearfully pale ;
A host hath departed, a host in the twain, —
The mighty have fallen, the valiant are slain !

Weep, daughters of Judah !
 Unceasingly weep,
 As the strings of your timbrels
 Ye mournfully sweep ;
 Hide gladness in anguish,
 Veil beauty in tears,
 The bright hopes have perished
 Ye garnered for years ;
 For a warrior's greeting ye tarry in vain, —
 The mighty have fallen, the valiant are slain !

Wreathe, wreathe with the cypress
 Your dwellings of woe ;
 No more in the goblet
 The red wine shall glow ;
 The step of the dancer
 Hath passed from the hall,
 Where the feet of the mourner
 Loud echoing fall ;
 They have gone from the banquet who come not again, —
 The mighty have fallen, the valiant are slain !

JEPHTHAH'S VOW.

JUDGES XI. 29-40.

THE morning sun rose brightly, and dispelled
The gathered mists that darkly hung around
Judea's ancient mountains. Brightly, too,
It shone on Jephthah's cottage, and its rays
Glanced with redoubled splendor from the arms
Of that brave warrior, as he stood arrayed
In all the fearful brilliancy of war.
His haughty step, and anxious, careworn brow,
And flashing eye, betrayed the restless fire
That burned within; for long had Jephthah mused
On Israel's bondage, on his country's woes.
With earnest gaze he turned his eyes to heaven,
Then on the dewy sward sank reverently,
And raised his morning orisons to God:—
“O Thou, who art from everlasting King,
Of heaven's unnumbered hosts the great Supreme,
No less the Lord of man's rebellious race,—
Hear thou thy servant's prayer, and for the sake
Of thine Anointed my petition grant.
Weak though it be, my hope, my only hope,
On thee is stayed; for who can aid like thee?
So wilt thou grant that I return this day
A mighty victor from the battle-field;
That I be crowned as Israel's loyal King.
Whate'er shall welcome me as conqueror home,
Shall first proclaim me chief o'er Israel's race,

That will I offer thee, — an offering meet for God,
For heaven."

He spake ; then, rising hastily,
His keen-edged sword he girded on, and left
His peaceful home and only child, to lead
The ranks of Israel forth to meet the foe.
Lo, far away on Judah's vine-clad hills,
Their fierce arms glistening in the morning sun,
Down to the plains descend the hostile band ;
With slow and solemn steps they near the ranks
Of Israel, and await the fearful signal.
Now face to face they close in long array,
Swords clash with swords, or, buried deep, drink in
The victim's blood, and snap life's cord in twain.
Brother and friend and foe lie side by side
To rise no more ; for death's dark, fearful pall
Is o'er them cast forever.

Amid the dust and furious din of war,
Trusting in God, the valiant Jephthah leads
On to the charge afresh his eager lines ;
And now their fainting foes are yielding, and,
In wild disorder, seek in speedy flight
The lives they else would lose.

Lo, Israel's ranks
From plain to plain triumphantly pursue ;
They conquer, and the Ammonites are slain ;
The die is cast, and Israel now stands forth
Unscathed and free. Rank after rank unites
To swell the song of gratitude to God,

Who bade them conquer ; who had still preserved,
Mid fearful dangers, his peculiar race.
The conflict ended, Jephthah fain would seek
His quiet home, yet trembles as he chides
His lingering footsteps, for his solemn vow,
Borne on the wings of morn to heaven, and there
By angels' pen recorded, still remains
Unchanged, and unforgotten.

Anxiously


He nears his cottage door ; but see who comes
To bid the mighty conqueror welcome home ;
It is, alas ! his only idol child ;
And joyously she welcomes him, in strains
Of sweetest music, as the nestling bird
Rejoices at its parent's glad return.
But who can paint that meeting ? who portray
The father's anguish ? for full well he knew
He soon must drink the bitter cup prepared.
On, on she came with childhood's bounding step
And sunny smile, yet wondering much that he
She loved should turn away when all seemed bright
And glorious, as if to hide his tears.
She sought the cause ; and childhood's joy was checked,
As thus the mourning warrior sadly spake : —
“ Alas ! my daughter, thou hast brought me low,
And thou art one of those who trouble me ;
For I have vowed to God, the mighty God
Of Israel, and that vow I must fulfil.
Last night, when balmy sleep pressed heavily

Upon my wearied eyes, an angel came,
Clad in the brightness of the upper world,
And said, 'Fulfil thy vow!'

He ceased; the rose forsook the fair young cheek
Of her who stood before him, as she heard
The solemn tidings, for the fearful truth
Like lightning burst upon her buoyant mind.
She turned to weep; but dashing off
The crystal drops, the maiden calmly spake:—
"Fear not, my father, to fulfil thy vow,
And should there ought in it relate to me,
Lo! I am thine, do with me as thou wilt."
The smitten parent bowed himself and wept
In agony of soul. The cherished bud
He long had fondly nurtured, now must die.
One long embrace, one silent kiss, betrayed
His bitter anguish; then he led her forth
As oft he led the meek, devoted lamb,
A willing sacrifice, that he might keep
His solemn vow to God.

And far away,
In the lone stillness of the forest depths,
Whose dark recess no mortal e'er had trod,
And none save God's omniscient eye hath pierced,
Jephthah fulfilled his vow.
The willing spirit of his victim fled
To Him who gave it; for life's golden bowl
Was broken.

"HE GIVETH HIS BELOVED SLEEP."

EEP not, weep not the righteous dead,
Released from every ill;
But let thy tears be freely shed
For those who yet to earth are wed,
Who sin and suffer still.

But when the joyful Christian dies,
When pale and changed his body lies,
And round his sable bier ye come
To take the clay unconscious home,
Hush every sob, check every sigh,—
Blest are the dead in Christ who die.
Let not a tear thine eyelids steep,
"He giveth his beloved sleep!"



MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.



MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.



THE WATER-LILY.



H, the white water-lily that blooms on the wave !
The sweetest and purest that nature e'er gave ;
It lifts its pale brow from the breast of the stream,
And its golden eye kindles at morning's first beam.

When tempest clouds gather and break in the sky,
And the dark tide quivers and wildly sweeps by,
It smiles on the waters the fierce winds that blow,
For the lily is anchored, fast anchored below.

Oh ! would that my bark on life's tremulous sea
Might sleep on the billows, sweet lily, like thee,
Unscathed by the rage of the tide and the storm,
Whose fury ne'er shatters thy beautiful form.
Firmly anchored below, I could smile at the strife
That troubles the skies and the waters of life ;
Like the pride of the streamlet, exultingly brave
The shock of the tempest, the wrath of the wave.

MUSIC OF THE SEA



LOVE the sound ! I love the sound !
The music of the sea ;
The murmuring of the mighty waves
That sweep so wild and free.

I love it best ! I love it best
Amid the gathering storm,
When lurid lightnings wreathe with flame
The quivering vessel's form.

I love it when the gloomy cloud
The fiery bolt has riven,
And the deep sea re-echoes back
The voice of God from heaven ;

When wildly on the rocky shore
The foaming billows leap,
And with a hoarse and sullen roar
Rolls on the troubled deep.

MOONLIGHT UPON THE WATERS.

MOONLIGHT upon the waters !
How beautiful the scene,
As dance a thousand silver gems
On waves of emerald green ;
Now glittering on the snowy crest
Of billows riding high,
Or gleaming from the hollow breast
Where calmer waters lie !

Our bark sits lightly on the waves,
As sits the fearless bird
Whose home is on the wild, dark sea,
Forever, ever stirred
By the deep pulses of the tide, —
The giant tide and strong,
That rolls from shore to distant shore
Its waves with solemn song.


Moonlight upon the waters !
How glorious, how sublime
To gaze upon a scene like this,
The same from ancient time ;
For thus old ocean rolled its wealth
Of waters to and fro,
And barks moved on like ours to-night
A thousand years ago !

And pennons floated proud and high
Upon the breezes free ;
And hearts were thrilled like mine to watch
The moonlight on the sea ;
And not a sound disturbed the night,
Save the deep, solemn tone
Of restless billows hurrying on
Their liquid march unknown.

Moonlight upon the waters !
The brightest fairy dream,
The glowing pictures fancy paints,
Not half so radiant seem.
Let others gaze where silver beams
Fall soft on flower and tree ;
But give to me the vessel's deck,
And moonlight on the sea.

I deem my life is like the scene ;
My heart is like the waves
That mirror back so fitfully
The light the sweet moon craves ;
For oft to gild its gloomy depths
Celestial beams are given,
And dark and troubled waters catch
The golden hues of heaven.

THE OLD MAN SITS AT HIS COTTAGE
DOOR.

HE old man sits at his cottage door,
In the warm September sun ;
His head with the frost of age is hoar,
While the little child who wreathes it o'er
Has scarcely her life begun.

He feels the breezes that gently pass
O'er the early autumn flowers ;
And he watches the shadows on the grass
Where the feet of his little grandchild pass,
And thinks of his childish hours.

His once strong arm is a withered limb,
And his hand is rough and brown ;
He knows that his eye is growing dim,
And life has little in store for him
As he passes the valley down.

But his heart goes back to his early days,—
To the golden days of yore,
When life seemed nought but a flowery maze,
And his step was light as the child's that plays
So merrily round the door.

He muses a while, and a tear, perchance,
Drops down from his dim old eye ;
But the child whose pulses with pleasure dance,
Looks up in his face with a wondering glance,
And hushes the half-drawn sigh.

'Tis but for a moment ; the dream is o'er ;
And the warm September sun,
And the kisses of childish lips, restore
Sweet peace to his weary old heart once more,
Till he half forgets, as he has before,
That his sands are almost run.



THE CRICKETS.

THE birds have dropped their weary wings,
And to their nests have flown ;
No more the wildwood gayly rings
To melody its own.

The dew-drops glitter on the grass,
Like gems the fairies fling ;
And where their elfin footsteps pass
I hear the crickets sing

All through the warm midsummer night,
So beautiful and still,
Till morning comes with rosy light .
Along the eastern hill.

The moon comes up the azure sky,
The stars their lustre fling ;
And while they wax and wane on high,
I hear the crickets sing.

Where giant trees their branches toss
In grandeur to and fro,
And forest flowers and velvet moss
In wild profusion grow ;
And on the hillside green and fair,
And where the rushes spring,
Around, beneath, and everywhere,
I hear the crickets sing.

Dream-like unto my listening ear
Comes up their plaintive tone,
And visions of the past appear,
And early pleasures flown.
Oh ! when the dew lies on the flowers,
And folds the bird his wing,
It brings me back my childhood's hours
To hear the crickets sing.

THE DEPARTURE OF SUMMER.

THE summer days! the summer days!
Oh! they have hurried by,
And faded, like the gorgeous clouds
That wreath the sunset sky;
And summer birds have plumed their wings
For milder climes away, —
The swallow and the golden thrush
That twittered on the spray.

The shadows lengthen of the trees
That wave so free and high,
And lighter is the azure tinge
Of pale September's sky;
And mournful is the brooklet's tone,
Whose chilly waters pass
Where every night the hoar-frost leaves
His white wreaths on the grass.

Across the sunbeam's colder track,
With drooping wings and slow,
The golden-pinioned butterflies,
The summer's children, go.
They pine for her as pines a bird
For its own native bowers;
For there is gloom around their haunts,
And death among their flowers.

The summer flowers ! the summer flowers !
How have they drooped and died ;
The last is scarcely lingering yet,
The scarlet meadow-pride.
The wild rose and the buttercup,
The clover's honeyed blow,
The lily and the columbine,
Have vanished long ago.

O Summer ! thou hast borne away
The loveliness of earth,
And in the wood and on the hill
Stilled nature's voice of mirth.
Farewell to thee, sweet season, till
Thou shalt return again,
With living gifts and beautiful,
To gladden field and plain.



DECEMBER.

TIS the last of the year, 'tis the last of the year ;
The woodland is silent, the landscape is drear ;
No bird in the forest, no flower on the plain,
Where soft fell the sunlight and glittered the rain.

There is snow on the mountain, and snow on the moor,
And snow in the valley, all wreathing it o'er ;

It lies a white pall on the traveller's road,
And drifts through the fields where the rivulet flowed.

By the spell of the ice-king's all-powerful breath
The earth is as cold and as silent as death ;
And the trees, where the summer's green foliage hung,
With his gems and his diamonds are brilliantly strung.

'T is the last of the year, 't is the last of the year ;
The woodland is silent, the landscape is drear ;
But crown it with Christmas, the month, as it goes,
And the snows of December shall yield us a rose.

Oh, crown it with Christmas, that glorious time
When the angels rejoiced o'er an advent sublime ;
When to earth, by the love of its Maker, was given
A Saviour, Redeemer, and portal to heaven.

The months in their circles have many a day
Of peace and enjoyment as life wears away ;
But December, all wrapped in the snow like a pall,
Is crowned with glad Christmas, the best of them all.

THE WINTER SERENADE.



F all the strange freaks of a lover,
The funniest surely is this, —
Serenading a lady in winter,
With a snow-storm to heighten the bliss !
In the midst of a raging north-easter,
That pitiless beats on his head,
Attempting with music to feast her
Who quietly sleeps in her bed.

In vain are the flute and the fiddle,
In vain the guitar he may play ;
The wind takes the notes in the middle,
And the breath from his body away.
The voice of the tempest prevailing,
Now sinks to a tremulous growl ;
Now rising and shrieking and wailing,
The chorus prolongs to a howl.

In vain for her waking he listens,
And opens his frost-bitten ears ;
While adown his mustachio there glistens
A something twin-sister to tears.
Closely shut is the snow-mantled casement,
No fair one is taking a peep,
The whole house from attic to basement
Is buried in silence and sleep.

Oh, vain, persevering devotion !
 Regret sentimental deplores ;
 Warm weather is best for emotion
 That has to find vent out of doors.
 Far better in season propitious,
 By moonlight the strains to renew ;
 Serenading is far more delicious
 With your feet in a midsummer dew.



THE SNOW.



H, the wintry snow !
 When the north winds blow
 On their pinions strong and high,
 And the tempest shrouds
 With its sullen clouds
 The arch of the pleasant sky.

How soft and white,
 Like a mantle light,
 It falls on the hill and plain,
 Where the flow'rets gay,
 In the summer day,
 Were gemmed with the soft, bright rain.

Where sang the brook,
As its course it took
Through the meadow by the hill,
There comes no sound,
For the frozen ground
Hath silenced the joyous rill.

Where hummed the bee
On the flowery lea
He skimmed his waxen spoil;
In an eddying whirl
The snow-flakes curl,
And bury the barren soil.

Fast, fast they come
From their northern home,
With a light and feathery form;
Loud shrieks the blast
As it hurries past,
Like a spirit of the storm.

The gladsome child,
With its laughter wild,
Looks up in the frowning sky;
And the huge snow-drifts
And the wreaths and rifts
He hails with a gleaming eye.

Oh, a stirring sight
Is the tempest white
When the winds of winter blow ;
And the child leaps out,
With a merry shout,
On the newly-fallen snow.



THE WASHINGTON MONUMENT.

FROM New England's vales of beauty,
From the stern old granite hills,
Where in battle's stormy duty
Blood was poured like crimson rills ;
From the homes where freemen cherish
Like a household word *his* name,
Come, with gifts that shall not perish,
To adorn the Spire of Fame !

From the South, whose broad dominions
Glow beneath a warmer sun,
Where our eagle furls her pinions
O'er the grave of Washington ;
Where he fought who scorned to falter
In the darkest hour of strife,
Come, with offerings for his altar, —
His, who gave our freedom life.

Genius of a mighty nation!
 Speed the work with earnest hand,
 Till in one sublime creation
 All the vast memorials stand
 On the spire that points eternal
 To the shining path he trod;
 Write his name forever vernal,
 Freedom's son, the gift of God!



TO A LADY.

WHEN radiant morn to life awakes,
 And leaves her shady bowers,
 And with her rosy finger shakes
 The dew-drops from the flowers;
 When countless minstrels sweetly sing
 Wide o'er the earth in glee,
 And gayly plume their freedom wing,
 My heart is still with thee.


When gently dies the weary day,
 And shines the evening star,
 As twilight flings his mantle gray
 O'er hill and dale afar;
 When strife and tumult softly cease,
 From toil and care set free,
 My spirit hails the blest release, —
 My heart is still with thee.

When gladness crowns my onward path
And lights the heart I bear,
And not a grief my spirit hath.
Or one corroding care ;
As deep I quaff the cup of bliss,
The sweetest poured for me,
Thy gentle voice, thy smile I miss,—
My heart is still with thee.

When adverse tempests' chilling rain
Beats harshly, coldly down,
And cherished hopes prove false and vain.
And changeful fortunes frown ;
Firm as a rock mid ocean waves
Thy hallowed memories be ;
Thy sympathy my spirit craves,—
My heart is still with thee.

In joy or sorrow, bliss or woe,
Whatever lot be mine,
Thy image e'er shall brightly glow
Within my spirit's shrine.
Though distance holds me far from thee,
Communion sweet is given ;
Oh, heart to heart on earth we'll be,
And face to face in heaven !


THE MOON.

EAUTIFUL Moon! — oh, how I love to hail
Thy glorious coming in the eastern sky,
When starry gems along thy pathway lie,
Trembling, and turning in thy presence pale,
Brightest adorning of night's pensive brow,
Fairest of all her radiant jewels, thou!

Wreathing with light the fleecy cloud, that veils
With its thin mantle, for a little space,
The full-orbed lustre of thy beaming face;

Casting thy splendor on the sleeping dales,
Fields, woods and waters that beneath thee rest,
With night's dark shadows on their peaceful breast.
Oh, I do love thee! but the most, sweet Moon,
In the still hour of midnight's sacred noon;
Calm then are spirits that with day have striven,
And earth's repose seems kin to that of heaven!

GRACE DARLING.

LD ocean's waves rolled wild and high,
And angry surges roared,
While fiercely down a stormy sky
Unceasing torrents poured.

The lightning's fitful flashing showed
A wrecking vessel's form,
That tossed on giant billows rode,
A plaything of the storm.

Her white sails rent are streaming high
Against the frowning skies,
And where the deep goes whirling by
Her fallen banner lies.
She reels, she plunges, bounds, recedes,
And now her towering masts
Bow meekly down, like bended reeds,
Before the mighty blasts.

Hark ! hark ! — a wail, a fearful cry,
To land the strong winds bear ;
In every tone is agony,
In every note despair !
Death hovers round that bark of doom ;
He lingers for his prey ;
And 'neath his feet a yawning tomb
The parting waves display.

They rear their foam-crests high ; that crowd
Of living men they crave ;
And shall they in their watery shroud
Enfold the good, the brave ?
Oh, who shall snatch them from the brink
Where ruin opens wide ?
The boldest landsmen shuddering shrink
To stem that awful tide.

Far, far away upon the shore
A simple maiden stands ;
Snatched from a boat, a slender oar
Lies in her folded hands.
Each rude breeze, as it hurries by,
Flings back her clustering hair,
While flashes from her earnest eye
A hope that scorns despair.

“ My father ! shall that bark,” she cries,
“ Go down in yonder sea ?
In vain for aid those prayers arise ? —
It must not, cannot be !
Unmoor the boat ! away, away !
I will not linger here ;
This is no season for delay,
No time for doubt and fear.

“ I would be gone ; my father, dare
With me to succor fly,
To save yon helpless victims there,
To brave the flood or die ?
A few brief moments, and each tongue
The choking wave shall hush,
And, where those cries and groans have rung,
O’erwhelming waters rush.

“ Heed, heed that wail of deep distress
To us the tempest bears ;
Oh, let us prize our lives the less
Perchance to rescue theirs !
Fear not for me ; my hand is strong,
My heart is stronger still ;
And God, to whom these waves belong,
Can quell them at his will.”

She ceased ; her sire, inspired, unlashed
The boat and seized the oar,
And fearless o’er the billows dashed,
That laved the sheltering shore.
There stood an angel bright beside
The maiden at the helm ;
He stayed the flood, he soothed the tide,
Nor dared a wave o’erwhelm.

She gazed upon the skies above,
The lightning’s blazing path,
With holy faith and hope and love,
That awed the storm-god’s wrath ;
And safe they reached the sinking wreck,
Where raging tempest’s blew,
And bore from off her briny deck
Her pale, despairing crew.

Then swiftly through the breaking foam
The quivering boat scuds back,
And bears her burden safely home,
Though death is on the track.
Unhurt by wind and storm and wave,
Upon the beaten strand,
The rescued from a watery grave
With loud thanksgiving stand.

How felt she then, that noble one,
Whose aid deliverance wrought,
And ere destruction's work was done
The ark of safety brought?
Compassion's tears had ceased to flow,
Her beating heart was stilled ;
A joy as sweet as angels know
Her pure, young spirit filled.


Days passed ; a glorious meed of fame
Time to the maiden bore ;
And thousands breathed her hallowed name
Unheard, unknown before.
She cared not for the great world's praise,
Still nature's artless child,
And shrank from admiration's gaze,
A spirit undefiled.

But vain are wreaths to bind her brow,
Or song's sweet tributes given ;
The world's applause she heeds not now, —
Grace Darling is in heaven !
She hath reward, — the robe, the crown,
The harp of heavenly tone,
The smiles of God, the high renown
Of those around the throne.

And while its rest her spirit takes
In that pure, blissful sphere,
Her deed of noble daring makes
Her name immortal here.
The muse of England's poets, fired,
Shall waft it o'er the main,
And transatlantic bards, inspired,
Roll back the deathless strain !



GERTRUDE VONDER WART.

 O watch beside the wheel of death
A lonely woman came ;
With quivering lips and struggling breath
She called the sufferer's name.
Love's accents woke his slumbering ear, —
“ Alas ! ” he cried, “ and art thou here ? ”

“ Away ! away ! lest soon for thee
The fearful wheel be bared ;
Oh, it were double death to me
To have these torments shared.
Behold the breaking of the day, —
Away from hence ! away, away ! ”

“ To die with thee I came,” she cried,
“ To die with thee I came ;
The love that life could ne’er divide,
In death is still the same.
What can yon world to me be now ;
My world is *here*, for here art *thou*.

“ Death on thy brow hath placed his seal ;
I will not, cannot go ;
Bound on the vile, accursed wheel,
O God ! to leave thee so !
Nay, bid me not, nay, ask me not ;
All, all beside *thee* is forgot.”

She wiped from off his straining face
The beaded drops that hung ;
Her white arms twined in soft embrace
His frame with anguish wrung ;
The night-wind laid his pale brow bare ;
She pressed her cold lips gently there.

The path of night with stars is strewn,
That, pitying, from above
Looked down upon that vigil lone,
That deep, undying love ;
On woman's strong, enduring faith,
And hope that wrestled e'en with death.

Each mournful breeze that hurried by,
Devotion's earnest strain,
Her lips poured forth to God on high,
Bore upward from the plain ;
Bright angels hovered o'er the spot,
And gave her strength to leave it not.

Pale grew the sufferer's cheek, and dim
His glazed and sunken eye,
And cold and stiff each tortured limb,
That told the end was nigh.
His faithful Gertrude's hand he grasped,
And love's last words convulsive gasped.

" *This* is thy love," he murmured, "*this*
Fidelity till death ;"
Then, with a smile of saintly bliss,
Resigned his struggling breath.
The work was done ; the spirit trod
Its shining pathway home to God.

And now beside the fearful wheel,
 Whence hope and life had fled ;
She stood, her loneliness to feel,
 The living with the dead ;
Then, kneeling there, devoutly blest
The grave that had inspired her breast.



FRIENDSHIP.

HOW vain are words the ties to tell
 That heart to heart may bind ;
The strange, mysterious, mighty spell
 Of mind on kindred mind ;
The light that comes the soul to fill
 From friendship's altar shed,
That cheers the drooping spirit still,
 When days, ay, years have fled !

And when fate's stern and high decree
 Hath borne the loved afar,
It flashes o'er life's stormy sea
 A bright, unfailing star,
Till joined again are hearts and hands
 In bonds of earthly love,
Or in the purer, holier bands
 That bind the blest above.

And oh, when death's cold hand hath torn
A wreath of friendship here,
And on the chaplet they who mourn
Bestow the bitter tear,—
How sweetly Faith triumphant cries,
Exulting o'er the sod :
"Friendship is *endless* in the skies,
With loved ones gone to God !"



THE THREE DREAMS.

BY night upon a battle-field
A tented host were lying ;
A warrior slumbered on his shield,
His banner o'er him flying ;
He dreamed he won a wreath of fame,
And round his brow he bound it ;
Death with the strife at morning came,
The warrior never found it.

A young girl slept within her bower, —
A smile her red lips parted ;
The vision of some brighter hour
Swift o'er her spirit darted ;


Love's cup of bliss her fancy grasped ;
Could aught destroy it ever?
She woke to find the chalice dashed,
The treasure gone forever.

Weary and worn, a pilgrim lay
Where greenwood shades were blending ;
His soul in heavenly dreams away
The angel Sleep was sending.
Hours past and saw that pilgrim wake
To catch the real gleamings
Of worlds that on the vision break
Not in earth's brightest dreamings.

Unwise is he who dreams of fame,
Gone at his slumber's breaking ;
Then love, too, only proves a name,
But *heaven* is *heaven* on waking.



MY LOVED ONE ON THE SEA.

 HE storm is raging loud to-night,
And darker grows the sky,
And like a giant in his might
The wild March wind sweeps by.

My heart is with the good, the brave,
Who ride the billows free,
With one whose home is ocean's wave,
My loved one on the sea.

Would I could bid the tempest cease
That hath the sky o'ercast,
And soothe to gentleness and peace
The wild and angry blast!
How can I bear their wrath to mark
That death to him may be, —
A wanderer in a fragile bark,
My loved one on the sea!

We were a happy household band
In childhood's sunny hours;
Our pathway Hope's own rosy hand
Strewed with her fairest flowers.
But now a change hath o'er us passed;
The grave hides two from me,
And far away his lot is cast, —
My loved one on the sea.

Oh, is it strange that I should weep
To hear the tempest rise,
And know that o'er an angry deep
His rayless pathway lies?

O God ! my eyes with tears are dim ;
To thee I come, to thee ;
Hear thou my earnest prayer for him, --
My loved one on the sea.

Through every danger safely guide ;
Thy watch-care round him thrown,
Grant that his bark unscathed may ride
High o'er where wrecks are strown.
But oh, if there his own must lie,
If there his grave must be,
Grant I may meet again on high
My loved one on the sea.



INVOCATION TO SPRING.

BEND hither thy pinions, O beautiful Spring !
And scatter rich gifts from thy radiant wing ;
We watch for thy coming, we long for thee here,
Thou fairest and first in the swift-rolling year.
The birds of the woodland are chanting thy praise ;
The stillness of morning is broke by their lays ;
Sweet flowers are springing to life on the hill,
And low in the vale by the clear-flowing rill.

Come, tarry no longer, O beautiful Spring !
Bring hither thy favors, bend hither thy wing ;
Though soon thou wilt leave us and Summer will come,
And Autumn whose treasures the reaper bears home,
Yet while in thy presence we mortals delight,
We heed not thy passing, nor dream of thy flight,
Nor think the sweet blossoms we welcome to-day
Are transient as fair, and soon doomed to decay.

Thou art like the season of childhood and youth,
When friendship and pleasure seem changeless as truth ;
When the free, happy spirit of sorrow ne'er dreams,
And the dimly-veiled future Hope gilds with her beams.
But soon these delusions so flattering fly ;
Soon clouds of adversity darken the sky ;
And swiftly time bears us from bright youth to age, —
To age, the last drama on life's fleeting stage.

Oh, life hath its seasons, its sunny spring-time,
Its summer of glory, its autumn sublime,
And winter that veils like a mantle of snow
All the years that have passed, with their pleasure and
 woe.

When the last from our vision has faded away,
And we silently slumber, inanimate clay,
Like thee, O sweet Spring ! may we wake from the tomb,
In God's own paradise ever to bloom !

THE CHOICE.



H, cease and tempt me not!
I dash the chalice down;
Be mine the pure and humble lot
Unknown to high renown.
The richest boon that fame can give
Can buy no gifts like this, —
A *heart* where *true* affections live,
A perfect wealth of bliss.

Say not the paths are bright
That unto honor lead,
That rapture crowns ambition's height
As humbler joys recede.
Call not the towering steep sublime,
Ascended for a name;
It is a weary thing to climb
For only, only fame.

And what is fame? — a breath
They prize alone who crave;
And what's ambition's meed? — a wreath
That withers in the grave.
Who toils for these must toil alone;
His ear shall praises greet;
But, oh! not fond affection's tone, —
No music half so sweet.

Then offer not to me
 The gift that I resign ;
 For others let ambition be,
 But peace and love are mine.
 The richest boon that fame can give
 Can buy no gifts like this, —
 A heart where true affections live,
 A perfect wealth of bliss.



JUNE.

AP among the daisies
 That bloom on the green hill-side,
 And down where the merry brooklet
 Leaps on like a silver tide ;
 And deep in the forest hidden,
 Where the sunlight comes at noon,
 Spread like a feast unbidden,
 Are the glorious charms of June.

The wild bird chants its praises
 From many a leafy bower ;
 And the child a glad shout raises
 As he gathers the new-blown flower.
 His eye with delight is beaming,
 As his eager footsteps pass
 Where the scarlet strawberry gleaming
 Nestles among the grass.

Rest ye a while from labor,
 Ye who are toiling on
 For wealth, that perchance may perish
 Ere the half of life be gone ;
 Rest ye a while, refreshing
 Your spirits at Nature's shrine ;
 For she gives to her lovers a blessing
 That strengthens the heart like wine.



THE PROPHEPIC BARK.

[The Hindoo girls have a custom, when their lovers are absent, of launching tiny boats freighted with rice and other offerings to a deity, accompanied with a small lighted taper, which, if extinguished by the waves of the stream in consequence of the overturn of the boat, is the sure sign of the death of the absent lover ; on the contrary, if it gains some shore unextinguished, they with equal credulity regard it as portending a safe and speedy return.]



O forth, my bark, upon the tide,
 Thou child of hope and fear ;
 Safe o'er the treacherous billows ride,
 And I will watch thee here.

“ If far adown the moonlit stream
 Thy beacon light I view,
 One whose sweet love seems like a dream
 Shall come to prove it true.

“But if the quenching wave shall roll
O'er that dear light of thine,
Hope finds a grave within my soul, —
Despair and death are mine !”

Thus spoke the Hindoo girl, and gave
The stream her fragile bark ;
And watched it, dancing o'er the wave,
Send forth its cheering spark.

A while its onward course it kept,
Safe in her straining view ;
But dark clouds o'er the pale moon swept,
And wild winds harshly blew.

The frail light rocked upon the tide, —
Now brightened, now grew pale ;
The breathless maid the stream beside
Prayed that it might prevail.

But angry waves o'erwhelmed the boat,
The beacon disappeared ;
No more, upon their breast afloat,
Her throbbing heart it cheered.

A cry rose on the midnight air,
From pale, sad lips it burst, —
The mournful wailing of despair,
Whence hope's glad tones came first.

With bitter tears she turned away,
With grief all else above,
That deepened with each dawning day, —
The grief of hopeless love.

When next they came with anxious breath
To watch their frail bark's gleam,
There was *one* less to read of death
On that foreboding stream !



GRAVE OF AN INDIAN CHIEF.

A CHIEFTAIN'S grave !
Deep in the wildwood, — lonely, dark
and drear, —
A red man of the forest slumbers here,
Whose arm the death-blow gave,
In savage might, to many a pale-faced foe,
Whose dust alike lies in the green earth low.

Meet burial-place
Is this for one like him who fills it now,
Beneath the dark shade of the hemlock's bough ;
The pine trees interlace,
Shutting out all the life-like glare of day,
Save here and there a faint and fleeting ray.

The night dews fall,
And fill, till eve returns, the pale flower's cup,
Save when the bee the pearly draught drinks up,
Where the green moss her pall
Of shining velvet fondly strives to spread
O'er the hushed relics of the mighty dead.

The silver stream
Winds through the dell, with softly murmuring sound,
As though the spot were consecrated ground ;
And the fleet wild deer seem,
While hurrying by the undisturbed retreat,
To press the soft greensward with lighter feet.

On the still air
Ring out no joyous voices ; seldom heard
Is the sweet strain of bright-eyed beauteous birds,
And flitting unaware
Thither, the golden butterfly turns back,
Till the warm sunshine cheers his gloomy track.

The sheltering vine
A shadowy arch high o'er the sleeper weaves,
Of purple fruit, mingled with broad, dark leaves ;
And its fond tendrils twine
Around the cold, gray headstone, as it stands
Rude monument reared by unskilful hands.

The breezes change
Their glad, light tune to one of mournful note,
As o'er the warrior's resting-place they float
Through the tall, stately range
Of trees, whose dark boughs, sweeping to and fro,
Make dirge-like music for the dead below.

Far distant roars
A mighty cataract, furious waters form ;
Like the hoarse mutterings of some coming storm
Its wrathful thunder pours ;
But all unheeded ; like sound's feeblest breath
Fall the loud echoes on the ear of death.

Springs come and wane,
And summer gales, scent-laden, rustle by ;
Green leaves, bright flowers 'neath autumn's cold touch
die ;

And snow and icy rain —
Stern winter's gifts — fall on the charnel-spot
Of the dead chieftain, but he marks them not.

Oh ! can it be,
That he who fills this lowly burial-place,
Was the proud leader of the mighty race
That roamed unchecked and free
Through the deep forest, o'er the wide-spread plain,
Children of nature, owning but her reign !


First in the fray,
Bravest among the brave in wildest strife,
Last to desert the field with slaughter rife,
Mighty in council day,
Pouring in savage ears the soul's deep strains,
Was he of whom but dust, mute dust, remains.

Strong is thine arm,
O Death! from life's gay, busy realms, to bear
Down to the grave's lone darkness and despair
Proud man; and swift to calm
The wild, high beatings of his feverish heart,
Is the cold anguish of thy fearful dart.

The dust is thine, —
Heaven's is the spirit, — and the lofty name
It leaves behind, perchance in lists of fame,
Enrolled shall brightly shine,
Till Time's dark hand, of future moments born,
Blots out the record frail, — then all is gone.

Sleep, chieftain, sleep,
While yet thou mayest, for the white man's plough
Shall soon the smooth turf where thou retest now
Rend, furrowing deep,
And, from the levelled forest's bosom riven,
Heave up thy relics to the glare of heaven!

THE OLD MAN'S RETROSPECT.

OME back to mè, my early years,
Come back, my childhood's hours,
Ye scenes that ne'er were dimmed with tears,
Ye fair and thornless flowers ;
Ye joys so pure, ye hopes so bright,
Ye sunny days so slow of flight,
Return, return to me, I fain
Would be as once, a child again !

Come back to me, ye woods and streams
Where joyfully I played,
Where morning shed her earliest beams,
And evening cast her shade.
Ye soft, sweet winds that fanned my brow,
Careworn and deeply furrowed now,
Again around my forehead play,
As in my careless boyhood's day.

Come back to me, O early friends !
The generous and the true,
Fond hope with sorrow sadly blends
Whene'er I turn to you.
Some of ye sleep 'neath ocean waves,
Some of ye rest in churchyard graves,
And some like me a wanderer roam,
The wide, bleak world your only home.

All, all have gone ; I call in vain,
In vain invoke the dead,
And wake fond memories again,
Realities have fled.
No mortal voice hath ever power
To summon from the past one hour,
And none life's path again may trace
Or run again its fleeting race.

Change comes with ruthless hand to mar
All that we cherish here,
She darkly clouds life's brightest star,
And blights its hopes most dear.
And those who travel on life's way
She dooms to sorrow and decay,
Until her last chill touch they feel,
As death's embraces o'er them steal.

The world grows darker as it bears
Increasing weight of years,
And he from grief whom childhood spares,
Must give to age his tears.
In every season, every clime,
There follow in the track of time
Misfortune's footsteps long delayed,
Care's anxious form, and sorrow's shade.

Farewell ! farewell, my early years !
 Joys that shall ne'er return,
 Yet oft, with mingled smiles and tears,
 To which my soul shall turn.
 Still, still a child am I, though age
 Proclaims me on life's latest stage,
 A child in wisdom — may I rise
 To manhood in the upper skies !



THE SLAVE'S PRAYER.

A SLAVE at prayer ; list, as his clasped hands
 clank
 Their iron bonds, and press his burning brow
 That cruelty hath branded, — list ! his cry
 Goes not unheeded up, shall not return
 Unanswered, unregarded.

Day hath fled,
 But still he lingers at his lengthened task,
 Wet with dim evening's softly-falling dew,
 To kneel a moment on the fresh damp earth,
 Up to the God of bound and free to lift
 His aching heart in deep devotion's strain.
 No eye beholds him save the piercing eye
 Of great Omniscience, and no ear but His
 Can catch the earnest breathings of his soul
 Poured wildly forth upon the southern breeze ;

The tall, rank canes around him shut him out —
A friendly screen from all of nature, save
The broad, blue arch above where gathering stars
Are twinkling palely, — for the conscious west
Still holds her crimson blushes, which the sun
Woke at his parting with her vine-clad hills ;
The sounds of wine-cup revelry and mirth
Are loudly echoing from the planter's halls,
Where the oppressor hath a while forgot
His tyrant sternness, and put on the robe
Of gayety, and wreathed with sweetest smiles
The lips that late with taunting words had mocked
The tears and anguish and the pleading cries
To God for mercy of his praying slave.
Mingled with these discordant sounds of joy
And idle merriment, the fettered Afric's prayer
Arose to heavenly ears approved, and woke
The slumbering vengeance of the planter's God
Insulted, long forgotten.

“ O God ! regard a slave ;
Hear me in fetters praying, whose harsh sound
Rings in my ear and tells me I am bound,
Till, freed forever from oppressive sway,
The wreck of this my worn out frame I lay
Within the welcome grave.

“ Was it thy holy will
I should be born, my body and my soul
To yield submissive to the vile control

Of fellow-mortals, who, with sordid gold,
The price of human flesh a brother's sold,
Would fain their coffers fill?

“ No ! didst thou not create
Me as thy creature who hath bound me, free
For the wide waters of yon mighty sea,
Or the vast regions of my father's lands,
The palm-crowned mountains and the barren sands,
Unknown to wrong and hate?

“ Were it for crimes of mine
That men have chained me like a wild beast here,
My future evil deeds their righteous fear ;
Then to the scourge, the bonds, the deep disgrace
Of the ill-fated sons of Afric's race,
My soul would I resign.

“ But blood hath never stained
These hands, or guilt this heart defiled,
Since on my birth the skies of Afric smiled,
And first before thy shrine, O God ! I knelt
In the rude cot where she who reared me dwelt,
And nought but freedom reigned.

“ When the bright glow of youth
Beamed from my eye, mantled my cheek and brow,
Giving them freshness lost forever now,

From thine own word, by thine own servant brought,
Salvation's tidings to our race were brought,
And I drank in thy truth.

"I learned from thence to call
The children of this widely-peopled earth
Brothers and equals, save when rank of birth
Gives some precedence which the lack denies,
But 'mongst men only, for in thy pure eyes
All stand as equals, all.

"Of this far land I heard,
Where Gospel light o'er nature's darkness beamed,
Where Freedom dwelt whose rays celestial streamed,
And hearts once harboring hate and lust and wrong
Grew heaven-instructed, in all virtues strong,
Obedient to thy word.

"Is *this* the country? this
That hath such reverence for thy law and name,
And o'er the deep to Afric sends her fame,
Teems with a sister country's sons who toil,
Chained for *her* wealth and bliss!

"Shall she preach freedom, yet
Let the foul winds of her distempered air
Up to the skies the groans of bondsmen bear,

The turf defiled of her once spotless ground,
Drink in the blood from many a scourge-cut wound,
And Thou her crimes forget?

“ No ! for it cannot be ;
Just art Thou, and thy vengeance, though delayed,
Will to the guilty be in wrath repaid.
Oh ! haste to succor, to avenge the slave,
Whose only hope of rest is in the grave,
And only aid in Thee.

“ Grant me strength from on high
To meekly drink affliction's waters up
Thou hast allotted for life's bitter cup ;
Cheer my sad spirit in its shattered shrine,
With sweet assurance of Thy love divine,
As bound I live and die.

“ Wipe out this foulest blot
On thy creation ; let our injured race
Burst their vile shackles ; quit their deep disgrace.
Grant us our birthright, and redress our wrong ;
Let not thy retributions linger long,
O God ! delay them not ! ”

He ceased, and rose with spirit strengthened, firm,
Resigned e'en to the yoke of bondage, while
It seemed his Master's holy will, and left
The oppressor's judgment to the oppressor's God.

Day after day he toiled, and murmured not ;
Night after night regardless of the threats
Uttered in demon malice, threats of stripes,
Torture, imprisonment, starvation, death ;
Till each dark penalty by man enforced,
Saving the last which sets the spirit free,
There came an angel from the world on high
And took the worn-out, suffering, dying slave
Home to the bosom of his God, to all.
Heaven glorious liberty.

Days passed,
And retribution came at last to him
Who had defied it long ; the spoiler, death,
Gathered the roses in the planter's bowers, —
The living roses which he long had nursed,
From the half-opened bud that just disclosed
Beauty's bright tokens yet in infancy
Concealed, up to the full-expanded flower
Of bloom mature.

The childless mother bowed
Her head in sorrow, and the same dark grave
That held her withered roses closed on her ;
And, 'mid the desolation of his silent halls,
The planter stood alone.

Yet was he unsubdued ;
His spirit raised and purified and taught
To yield obedience to the Eternal Word
He scorned, and rudely trampled 'neath his feet
As worse than worthless.

Unrelenting still,
E'en while the wounds death had inflicted yet
Rankled within, and pangs of parting pierced
His own unpitying bosom, forth he walked
And tore the infant from its mother's arms,
The hapless husband from his anguished wife,
Rending with ruthless hand those sacred ties
For purposes which cause far keener pangs
Than death can wake ; he cared not for their woe,
For in his sight they were but brutes, and brutes
Can never feel like men.

Again God came
In judgment, but he came not as before,
When merciful he strove, by bearing up
To heaven the idols which the planter long
Had fondly cherished, thither to attract,
Contrite and penitent, his spirit too.
But now he came in wrath.


The fierce, wild storm
Of civil strife rose in the planter's lands ;
The flames of hot revenge the spirit fired,
Long crushed and spurned beneath the oppressor feet,
To deeds of vengeance ; and the timid hand,
That had for years in sullen silence toiled,
Grew strong and fearless, and stretched boldly forth,
Asked blood for blood.

The glittering steel
Sought it and found it in the planter's heart ;
Pierced, at their feet who oft had vainly crouched

Suing for mercy at his own, he fell.
His struggling spirit passed away from earth,
And rose to meet, before the bar of God,
The wronged, scourged victims of its infamy,
And recognize among the shining ones,
Who gather closest round the Eternal Throne,
Bearing the likeness of the Father, clad
In all the brightness of the upper world,
His *praying slave!*



FREEDOM'S CHAMPIONS.

HILDREN of a Southern soil,
Holders of unlawful spoil,
Ye whose groaning thousands toil
In their hopeless misery,—

Hear ye not the battle cry
That proclaims the warfare nigh,
When the oppressor's rank shall lie
Slain by Freedom's champions?

On they come in holy might,
Men of foulest crime to smite
With the keen-edged sword of Right,
And the steel of Liberty.

Ye may draw the fetters strong
Round the victims of your wrong ;
Justice shall not linger long,
Vengeance cometh speedily.

God hath heard the cry of him
With the mangled, fettered limb,
And the eye with weeping dim,
In the grasp of slavery.

God hath heard, and not in vain ;
For his fires of wrath shall rain
Death upon the Southern plain, —
Land of shame and cruelty.

Ye whose hearts some pity crave
For the scorned, degraded slave,
Longing for the quiet grave,
Haste, avenge his injuries.

Onward, brothers, hand in hand,
God shall aid his chosen band,
Drive the oppressors from the land ;
Onward, brothers, fearlessly.

Gathered from the East and West
And the North, the noblest, best,
From the South the rod we wrest
Of her shameful tyranny.


Craven hearts that shrink through fear,
Dare not in our ranks appear ;
What do *we* with *cowards* here,
Baser spirits wavering !

What are ye but those in part
Who defend the human mart,
Though ye hold with such no part,
Kindred in their infamy ?

But the *bold* the *true* shall be,
In our strife on land and sea,
Ending not till earth is free, —
Ay, and free eternally

Men of single hearts and hands,
Fired with zeal, the cause demands ;
These shall make our stalwart bands,
These shall conquer slavery.

TEMPUS FUGIT.

EMPUS FUGIT! golden hours
Rapid flight are stealing,
Like the frost among the flowers
Changes sad revealing.

Tempus Fugit! lo! a child
By a streamlet playing,
Or among the greenwoods wild,
Free and happy straying.

Tempus Fugit! now a youth
Bounds with footsteps fleeting,
Deeming every promise truth,
Pleasure never cheating.

Tempus Fugit! woe and care
Manhood's bloom are blighting,
Scenes and hopes once sweetly fair
Fortune stern is smiting.

Tempus Fugit! hoary age
Childhood sadly blending,
Toys of infant years engage,
Downward swift descending.

Tempus Fugit ! lo ! a shroud,
And a grave preparing,
And the bier a sable crowd
Thither slow are bearing.

Tempus Fugit ! hark ! a bell
Solemnly is pealing ;
Strikes the ear a funeral knell
On the breezes stealing.

Tempus Fugit ! lo ! the end
Of the life ye covet !
Ye whose spirits earthward bend,
Cease, oh ! cease to love it !

BURIAL OF THE IMMIGRANT'S CHILD.

[The following lines are founded upon a touching incident which occurred during the voyage of a poor Irish-female recently an immigrant to this country. She embarked with an only child for America. Soon after they set sail, a malignant fever broke out among the passengers, owing to close confinement and scarcity of proper food. Many died and were hastily interred in the sea, one after another as life became extinct. The poor woman was in great fear lest her child should die also, and she could not bear the thought of burying it in the sea. Her fears at last were realized; her child sickened and died; but for three days and nights she concealed the fact of its death, hoping land might appear where it could be buried. At the end of that time she was obliged to reveal her loss, and the humane captain, on hearing of her distress, kindly ordered the little corpse to be placed in a coffin in an open boat attached to the stern of the ship, until land should be gained. In the course of a day or two land was in sight; the ship was put about, the corpse carried on shore by some of the crew and interred in a grave. The ship then resumed her course towards the destined port. The grateful mother, who related her simple story, will long remember the kindness of this benevolent captain.]

LEFT the land on my birth that smiled,
And was once my pride and joy;
But the famine well-nigh drove me wild,
And I had no bread to give my child, —
My own, my fatherless boy.

I cared for nought in the world but him,
As over the sea we flew;
But famine followed us, gaunt and grim,
And fever came, with the burning limb,
Till we were a ghastly crew.

I clasped my boy to my breast, for he
Was my all in that wailing crowd ;
And oh, the thought ! it was agony,
To bury my darling in the sea,
With never a prayer or shroud !

I looked on his face, but his lips were red,
And bright was his laughing eye ;
The hue of health on his cheek was spread,
And I, in the strength of my fond heart, said,
“ He will not, cannot die.”

Ah, me ! ah, me ! three days, three nights
Scarce over my head had flown,
And he lay in my arms as still and white
As the snow that falls in the winter blight,
And cold as the church-yard stone.

Three days, three nights yet more rolled by,
But I spake not of my woe ;
And I sat with a bright and tearless eye,
And a burning lip all parched and dry,
Chanting an old, sweet lullaby,
That the truth they might not know.


I prayed for land, for the green, green land ;
For oh, could I have it be
That I should go to a foreign strand
With never a friend to clasp my hand,
And my darling in the sea !

My prayer was heard in the skies, I ween,
By the blessed saints so dear ;
For oh, the beautiful land so green,
With its blue hills far away, was seen,
And the ship was drawing near.

They bore my child to the pebbly shore,
And they made it there a grave,
Where the angry waters never pour,
And faintly echoes the ocean's roar,
And the grass and flow'rets wave.

Sleep, baby mine; in the green earth sleep,
Away from the cruel sea ;
O mother Mary ! most holy ! keep
The boy who lies in his slumber deep,
The treasure I gave to thee.

BRIGHT FANCY, SPREAD THY PINIONS
WIDE.

RIGHT Fancy, spread thy pinions wide,
And let me soar with thee,
While fall the shades of eventide,
That darken land and sea!

Oh, bear me to the muses' seat,
If such may there appear,
Where roll, in numbers wildly sweet,
Songs lost to mortal ear.

Say, is that seat on Ida's mount,
Where fadeless sunbeams glow,
Or where Castalia's silver fount
And sparkling waters flow?

Where minstrels drank, in days of old,
The song-inspiring waves,
That came o'er sands of shining gold,
Deep in the mountain caves;

Or, in Acadia's myrtle groves,
Whose leaves are never sere;
Where Pan, perchance, still idly roves,
And charms the shepherd's ear;

Where Bacchus noisy revel held,
Crowned with the vine-leaves bright ;
And dancing satyrs wildly yelled,
And broke the peaceful night ;

When deigned great Jove his throne to leave,
And high Olympic's bowers,
And haughty Juno stooped to weave
A wreath of earthly flowers ?

Or is their seat beneath the deep,
Among its coral caves,
Where sea-gods mighty tridents keep
To lash rebellious waves ;

Where Neptune decks his palace o'er
With gems of brilliant hue,
And pearls along the polished floor
Lie thick as drops of dew ;

Where insects build their tiny cells
Rough billows never tear,
Where sea-nymphs wind their rosy shells,
Or braid their silken hair ;

Or wet with tears of pity warm,
In some deep gloomy cave,
The shipwrecked sailor's lifeless form,
And grant him there a grave ;

Or gather sea-flowers pale and cold,
To wreathe his temples o'er,
Then bear his icy corse to mould
Upon the pebbly shore ;

Or is their seat on ocean's breast,
Where sea-birds swiftly skim,
When in the distant clouded west
The lamp of day burns dim ;

Or Triton, in his car of gold,
By shining dolphins drawn,
The waves upon their bosom hold,
To greet the blushing morn ;

Or on the wild and sea-girt strand,
Among the lofty rocks,
Where howls the breeze that sweeps to land,
Whose sound the water mocks ;

Or 'mong the silver stars, that light
The pensive gloom of even,
And shed a lustre mildly bright
Upon the darkened heaven ;

The fairest of the starry band,
Is *that* the muses' seat ;
Where land re-echoes back to land
Their numbers wildly sweet ?

Where gentler breezes sweep along,
And on their pinions bear
The softest, purest notes of song, —
It must, it must be there.

Oh, spread thy wings, bright Fancy, wide !
And let me soar with thee,
While fall the shades of eventide,
That darken land and sea !



"GIVE ME THREE GRAINS OF CORN,
MOTHER."

[The above words were the last request of an Irish lad to his mother, as he was dying from starvation. She found three grains in a corner of his ragged jacket and gave them to him. It was all she had; the whole family were perishing from famine.]



IVE me three grains of corn, mother,
Only three grains of corn ;
It will keep the little life I have
Till the coming of the morn.
I am dying of hunger and cold, mother,
Dying of hunger and cold,
And half the agony of such a death
My lips have never told.

It has gnawed like a wolf at my heart, mother,
Like a wolf that is fierce for blood,
All the livelong day, and the night beside,
Gnawing for lack of food.
I dreamed of bread in my sleep, mother,
And the sight was heaven to see ;
I woke with an eager, famishing lip,
But you had no bread for me.

How could I look to you, mother,
How could I look to you,
For bread to give to your starving boy,
When you were starving too?
For I read the famine in your cheek,
And in your eye so wild,
And I felt it in your bony hand,
As you laid it on your child.

The Queen has lands and gold, mother,
The Queen has lands and gold ;
While you are forced to your empty breast
A skeleton babe to hold, —
A babe that is dying of want, mother,
As I am dying now,
With a ghastly look in its sunken eye,
And famine upon its brow.

What has poor Ireland done, mother,
 What has poor Ireland done,
 That the world looks on and sees us starve,
 Perishing one by one?
 Do the men of England care not, mother,
 The great men and the high,
 For the suffering sons of Erin's Isle,
 Whether they live or die?

There is many a brave heart here, mother,
 Dying of want and cold,
 While only across the channel, mother,
 Are many that roll in gold.
 There are rich and proud men there, mother,
 With wondrous wealth to view,
 And the bread they fling to their dogs to-night
 Would give *me* life and *you*!

Come nearer to my side, mother,
 Come nearer to my side,
 And hold me fondly as you held
 My father, when *he* died.
 Quick, for I cannot see you, mother,
 My breath is almost gone;
 Mother! dear mother! ere I die,
 Give me three grains of corn!

TO THE MEMORY OF MARGARET M.
DAVIDSON.

SING o'er the lyre a faded wreath,
And bid the voice of song
Be mournful as the winds that sweep
The autumn leaves along.

There's darkness where the silver waves
Of sweet Castalia flow,
A harp is on the willows hung,
A minstrel's grave below.

There's grief among the sons of song,
They mourn a fallen gem,
And, oh, a peerless one is lost .
From song's bright diadem ;
For where, oh, where was light so pure,
So radiantly divine?
And where, oh, where was loveliness,
Departed one, like thine?

Thou wert so dear, so beautiful,
So very young, to die ;
So angel-like, I would have thought
That Death had passed thee by,
And with his icy hand forborne
To hush thy early lay,
And cast upon thy sunny brow
A shadow of decay.

There is a wail upon the breeze,
And on the soft, sweet air ;
A gathering round thy marble bed,
As if to see thee there.
There is a yearning for thy smile,
A longing for thy strain,
A list'ning for thy bounding step,
Though list'ning is in vain.

For thou hadst learned around our hearts
So closely to entwine,
That now that thou art gone, it seems
As they had gone with thine.
But, oh, we ask thee not again
To tread life's path of thorns ;
'Tis selfish sorrow prompts the wish,
Which true affection scorns.

There was too much of heaven in thee
For earth to keep thee long ;
And breathings of that blessed world
Have sanctified thy song,
And wreathed around thy memory here
A hallowed fame and pure,
Which, like the burning stars above,
Shall evermore endure.

Thy numbers fell upon our ears
Like notes of starry bard,
The weary traveller oft beneath
Some shadowy grove hath heard ;
The music of a stranger dove,
Awhile that gladdened earth,
Then spread its radiant wings, and sought
The land that gave it birth.

While others toil till hoary age
To win an honored name,
A few brief years have won for thee
A glorious meed of fame.
But, oh, what is the poet's fame?
'Tis oft a fleeting breath,
And purchased by a weary life,
Or by an early death.


The bard hath oft a longing here
For higher, nobler bliss,
A pining for a purer world,
A weariness of this.
'Twas thus with thee, O gentle one,
And now thou art away,
Where "songs of other lands are heard,
And other waters play."

A voice was calling thee to join
A holier minstrel throng ;
A kindred spirit led the way
That oft inspired thy song.
Thy seraph sister welcomed thee
To yon celestial choir,
And taught thy trembling hand to sweep,
Like hers, a golden lyre.

And now thy dust, so beautiful,
In earth's green bosom lies,
Thy *memory* in these hearts of ours,
While thou art in the skies.
Thy memory ! oh, a deathless one,
And glorious, here is thine,
For love and fame shall ever seek
And hail it as a shrine.

Farewell ! for us sweet hope shall rear
Her altar on thy tomb,
And burning there celestial fires,
Shall scatter all its gloom ;
Farewell ! for I can sing no more,
No more to me is given ;
The harp is far too earthly here
To sweep for thee in heaven !

BROOKLINE UNION SABBATH-SCHOOL
PICNIC.

LL hail to the picnic! and hail to the grove!
'Mid scenes of enchantment delighted we rove;
Dame Nature affords us a glorious hall,
And a carpet, the best in the world, for a ball.

All hail to the meeting of warm hearts and true,
To pastors and people, the *Old* church and *New*!
Though varied the creed that our hearts may approve,
We have but one banner, the banner of love.

Here's a flock from the hill-top's magnificent edge,
Kept firm in their faith by an excellent *Hedge*;
Here is one from the vale, that's surprisingly grown,
When we know all the food which they get is from
Stone.

Here's another so fortunate lately to find
A well-polished Diamond (*Diman*) that cuts to their
mind;
And the lovers of truth and the seekers of good,
That never need stray, while there's Hay in *their wood*.

And here are our friends that are zealous in soul
For the use of cold water applied as a whole;
Let them grow in their faith, if they like, and be strong,
For if they *are* right, then some others are wrong.

All hail to the President ! safe o'er the track
His *pass* brought us here and will carry us back ;
Our thanks we'll *pass* him, — small pay it is true,
But he'll get something better when such bills become
due.

Oh, fill up the goblets with wine from the lake,
And sit at the banquet where all may partake ;
Here's beauty and eloquence, music and mirth,
Here's union and talent, and *all kinds of worth*.

Overflowing with pleasure, pure pleasure like this,
Let us pass round the cup, drinking deep of its bliss ;
Enjoy the bright moments, and when they are flown,
From the homes of the birds we'll depart to our own.



CHILDHOOD'S SLEEP.



LEEP on in innocence, fair child !
Its seal is on thy brow ;
Sleep with a spirit undefiled, —
For this thou bearest now.

Thy busy thoughts are far away
In some familiar scene ;
And thou art by the brook at play,
Or on the hill-side green.

The woes and cares of coming years
Will bring thee many a night,
When thou shalt wet thy couch with tears,
And long for morning light.

But now, ere those dark hours draw nigh,
Enjoy thy peaceful rest ;
No tear-drop in thy half-closed eye,
No sigh within thy breast.

Oh, beautiful is childhood's sleep,
And golden dreams it brings,
When guardian angels vigil keep,
And fold their shining wings.

But far more beautiful and pure,
In childhood's opening bloom,
From all the woes of life secure,
The slumber of the tomb.

The frame that hath with anguish striven,
That sleep forever calms ;
While the young spirit wakes in heaven, —
Wakes in the Saviour's arms.

THE FROLIC IN THE SNOW.

PLAY on, play on while the feathery snow
From the sky comes whirling past ;
Thy cheeks are bright with a crimson glow,
The rose that blooms when the north winds blow,
Where the pulse of youth beats fast.

What dost thou heed, light-hearted child,
Who knowest no care nor pain ?
Though cold is the breath of the winter wild,
And the sun since yesterday hath not smiled
On the ice-bound hill and plain.

The hearth in thy home is bright and warm,
Unfelt is the piercing air ;
Oh ! naught to thee is the biting storm
Raging without, while a mother's form
Hovers in kindness there.

Play on ; for the days of youth are fleet,
From wearisome burdens free ;
Life's earliest cup is the cup most sweet,
And the merriest pulse is the first to beat,
As it beats to-day in thee.

When the burdens of life thy heart appal,
As the years shall come and go,
And golden castles dissolve and fall,
With a sigh perchance thou wilt recall
Thy frolic amid the snow.



THE DEFORMED CHILD.

CHILD.

MAMMA ! the children *look* at me
Whene'er I try to play,
And smile and whisper when they see
That I am not as they.

" We rambled not an hour ago
Upon the green hill-side ;
I cannot run, mamma, you know,
But, oh, how hard I tried !

" Yet I was forced alone to sit,
And see them hurry by ;
I could not help but minding it, —
You know the reason why.

" We tried to catch the butterflies,
On pinions fleet and free ;
I fell, mamma, and scarce could rise ;
They would not wait for me.

“ I saw them turn and see me fall,
I heard them laughing, too,
And so I left them, one and all,
To come and sit with you.

“ I know that strange my form must be,
Unlovely, too ; but, oh,
’Tis hard to have them laugh at me,
When God has made me so !

“ I know for me ’tis all the best,
That ’twas his will divine
That I should differ from the rest,
And I would not repine.

“ But in the world above, so fair,
Where no diseases sway,
Will angel children love me there,
Or turn, like these, away ? ”

MOTHER.

“ Oh, no, my child ! weep not, for thou
Shalt be like those in heaven ;
A crown of light to deck thy brow
To thee shall there be given ;

“ A form most beautiful and bright,
Beyond the fairest here,
Too dazzling for a mortal’s sight,
Too pure for sin’s dark sphere.”

The sorrowing child her eyes upraised ;
Grief's keenest pangs were o'er ;
Upon her mother's face she gazed,
And smiled, and wept no more.

The days of summer, bright and brief,
On rapid wings flew by,
And with the autumn's fading leaf
The child lay down to die.

And soon around her early grave
They came to weep in vain,
Who, mid their childish pastimes, gave
Her gentle spirit pain.

O ye who sport in life's glad morn !
The Hand that moulded you,
The little ones ye dare to scorn
Hath wisely fashioned too !

Let not one harsh, unkindly voice
Or look to them be given ;
So may ye o'er their graves rejoice,
With hope to meet in heaven.

'Tis but the mortal part ye see,
That moulders 'neath the sod ;
The *soul* most beautiful shall be
Before the throne of God.

STANZAS,

WRITTEN ON BOARD THE STEAMER BRITANNIA, JUNE 12, 1844.

ROLL on ! roll on, ye giant waves,
In grandeur fierce and wild, —
Old ocean, though he madly raves,
Must own me as his child.

Roll on across our liquid path,
With hoarse and sullen roar,
And all your gathered wealth of wrath
In whitened vengeance pour.

I am as fearless as the bird
Who makes the wave her home,
And weaves her nest, with song unheard,
Amid the breaker's foam ;
Who boldly dips her snowy wing
In surge as purely white,
Then soars aloft in airy ring
With scream of wild delight.

Away ! and round yon distant rock
In stormy fury rave ;
Ye may the timid landsman shock,
But not the sailor brave.

Our bold and gallant bark disdains
The might of raging tides ;
Swift o'er old Neptune's vast domains
A queen " Britannia " rides.

She scatters from her whirling wheels
The foam that marks her pace,
As hurls the war-horse from his heels
The dust of battle chase.
Her canvas to the breeze she flings,
As to the strong, free air
The eagle gives his noble wings
And leaves his mountain lair.

God shield the bark from every ill,
And bless her faithful crew,
Her officers of worth and skill,
Her Hewitt, brave and true !
And bless the veteran known to fame,
Whom once the waters bore
To battle for his country's claim, —
The valiant " Commodore " !

God bless the men and mighty lands
The ocean rolls between, —
The President, who ours commands,
And England's royal Queen !

May virtue each with glory crown,
May dark oppression cease,
And cry of battle never drown
The silver song of peace.



SUNSET AT SEA.

HOW glorious, when like a crown,
Upon the western wave,
The golden sun goes calmly down
Into his ocean grave!

But ere he hides his flaming head
Beneath the foaming crest,
A broad, deep glare of burning red
He flings across its breast.

Then o'er his place of burial ride,
In majesty sublime,
The giant waves that have defied
For ages change and time.

Now night spreads wide her ebon wings,
Adorned with starry gems,
More radiant far than eastern kings'
Most brilliant diadems.

Oh, sunset on the land is fair
 When darker shadows fall,
And far away we see him bear
 The light that gladdens all;


When evening zephyrs gently sweep
 With fragrance of the rose,
And weary nature sinks to sleep
 In undisturbed repose.

But nobler, grander is the scene
 The ocean world displays,
When in a grave of liquid green
 He hides his golden rays;

Where never-slumbering waters roll
 In tireless fury by,
Whose wrath He only can control
 Who formed the sea and sky.

Go ride where feet have never trod,
 O'er wildest paths and free,
And worship nature's glorious God
 At sunset on the sea!

THE LIGHT-SHIP.

HE light-ship ! how welcome the beacon to me,
When wild was the tempest and dark was the sea ;
It soothed my sad spirit's tumultuous fear,
And told me the haven I longed for was near.

Loud whistled the wind through the shivering sail,
The angel of death seemed abroad on the gale,
When wide o'er the billows, as wildly they passed,
The beams of the light-ship in crimson were cast.

Like a bird o'er the waters our proud vessel flew,
Her course was right onward, no terror she knew,
For the light-ship had shone on her pathway of foam,
Behind was the tempest, before her was home.

I saw it again, in the calm, silent hour,
When twilight descends with mysterious power,
And the moonlight fell soft on the eddying wave
That rolled o'er the mariner's sea-girted grave.

Then shone in the distance the light-ship afar,
And paled with its lustre the glow of the star, —
The small silver star that with tremulous eye
Looked down on the sea from its home in the sky.

How glittered the waves in their stillness profound,
Like billows that circle the sunset around !
While away in the distance the mariner's hand
Pointed out to my vision the cliffs of the strand.


How blest was the beacon ! how lovely it seemed,
As its watchfires of crimson unceasingly gleamed,
Sweet assurance of safety in moments of calm,
And in seasons of peril a safeguard from harm.

Oh, would that while sailing on life's stormy sea,
The star of Religion my beacon might be,
To warn me in danger, to soothe me in fear,
And tell me the haven I long for is near !



THE BURIAL OF THOMAS CAMPBELL, IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

[The interment of this poet took place on the 3d of July, 1844, in that part of the abbey called the "Poets' Corner."]

 HERE came to the abbey a funeral train,
The corse of a minstrel bearing ;
Whom the hand of the spoiler, Death, had
slain,
While the laurel he yet was wearing.

His lyre was broken, his wreath was crushed,
And the flesh grew cold beneath it,
As the tuneful lip of song was hushed,
Which had fondly loved to breathe it.

They came with a solemn step, and slow,
With an aspect mute and lowly,
With a brow of grief and an eye of woe,
To the place of burial holy.

They oped a grave in the charnel spot
Where the deathless poets slumber,
Whose lyres are broken, but not forgot, —
And they gave him to their number.

They laid him down by the side of those
Who are high in earthly glory ;
With the dust of the mighty, who repose
In the abbey old and hoary.

There monarchs lie ; but they have no crown
For their ghastly brow's adorning ;
Ah, little dreamed they, in their high renown,
The grave at their feet was yawning.

And gallant knights, with the arms they bore,
And their banners o'er them flying,
And the rusted helms and crests they wore
On their sculptured tombs are lying.


Proud warriors sleep in the arms of fame,
With the lofty marble o'er them ;
But what care they for their sounding name,
Or the world that thither bore them !

Hark ! hark ! for the tones of music float
Where the funeral train are kneeling,
And the echoes of many a requiem note
Are far through the dim aisles stealing.

Oh, many a glorious arch they fill,
As the mourners rise to sever ;
The souls of the *living* they wildly thrill,
But the *dead* ! they hear them never !



ABBOTSFORD.

T dawned on our vision, a beautiful spot,
The home of the poet, the dwelling of Scott ;
And we thought, as we entered its precincts
profound,
We were treading where genius had hallowed the
ground,
And the tiniest wild-flower that sprang at our feet
Seemed blooming with fragrance more sacred and
sweet.

'T was a quaint massive building, yet stately in form ;
Though rude, it was noble, with nought to deform ; .
And many a turret reared graceful and high
Its storm-beaten brow to the blue-arching sky ;
The gate of old Tolbooth was hung in the wall,
And the marble dog Maida guarded the hall.*

We entered with feelings that deepened to awe
As the treasures the bard had collected we saw ;
There were knights in their armors and battle array,
But the lord of their castle was silent as they ;
There was many a relic, all rusty and old,
Yet dearer by far to *his* spirit than gold.

But, oh, not a sight to our eyes was so dear,
Or woke as a tribute a holier tear,
Than the room which they sought with a softlier tread,
And whispered, the way as they thitherward led :
'T was there that the poet had wielded the pen
That made him immortal forever with men.

It stood as the bard had deserted it last,
And the spell of his presence seemed over it cast ;

* The strong iron portal of the old Tolbooth Jail, so renowned in the "Heart of Mid Lothian," was presented to Sir Walter Scott, and by him firmly secured high up in the stone-work of the outside of his house, where it may still be seen. The staute of Maida, a favorite dog of the poet's, finely sculptured in marble, seems guarding the entrance.


There had nought been removed from its sacred repose,
The hand not a volume had dared to uncloze ;
The table, the footstool were standing, and there,
All empty beside them, his *favorite chair* !

'Twas here that his spirit held, purely and free,
Her closest communion, sweet fancy, with thee ;
'Twas here for the highland, and here for the plain,
And the silvery lake, that he warbled a strain
No child of Old Scotia will ever forget,
For her blue hills are full of the melody yet.

We had gazed on the seat where, in days of renown,
They brought to the monarch his sceptre and crown,
Where great men had lingered and warriors bled ;
But, oh, not a charm on the moment was shed
Enchanting as that which our fond bosoms thrilled
As we gazed on the *chair* which the minstrel had filled.

Sweet Abbotsford ! home of the poet ! to thee
Our spirits oft rove in their wanderings free,
And radiant scenes in the vision appear
To fond recollection still sacred and dear ;
But, oh, we have treasured as holiest there
That *dim-lighted study*, that *favorite chair* !

MELROSE ABBEY.

OT by the moonlight wan and pale
I saw thee, Melrose fair ;
Night flung not down her ebon veil
In folds of darkness there ;
The ruddy light of morning bold
Streamed o'er the ruin gray and old,

With moss that had for ages lain
Upon thy lofty brow,
The theme of many a stirring strain,
How beautiful wert thou !
Amid the gloom of stern decay,
Too glorious to pass away.

There was the stillness of the grave
Within thy roofless walls,
Where brightly on the grassy pave
The golden sunlight falls,
And many a Gothic window throws
The shadow of its sculptured rose.*

* The stone-work of the windows is so carved that it presents the appearance of a rose. where each separate piece is joined.


Oh, gorgeously the ivy weaves,
The broken arch to hide,
A robe of dark and shining leaves,
With fitful scarlet dyed ;
The light breeze waves it to and fro,
With rustling murmur, soft and low.

Not now the monk in sable stole
Glides through the cloister dim,
They come not now at vesper toll
With prayer and holy hymn ;
The chapel of the cross is bare,
And hoots the lonely owlet there.

The monarch with his courtier train,
The knight with flashing spear,
And mitred abbots ne'er again
As once shall gather here
To tell their beads, with holy sign,
Before St. David's ruined shrine.

But thou hast garnered up their dust,
O Melrose, sad and fair ;
And sacred relics are thy trust,
And royal slumber there ;
And reverently above thy dead
The passing stranger's feet shall tread.


SONNET — THE WIND.


LOVE the music of the rushing wind, —
 Harp of a thousand strings, — whose wild, free
 song,

When ocean's waves and cliffs the notes prolong,
 Hath power in breathless awe my soul to bind.
 Nor is the gentler breeze to me less sweet
 That wafts the fragrance of the blooming flower,
 And waves the green boughs in the cool retreat
 Of vine-wreathed arbor or of wildwood bower.
 To me the loud blast and the whispering breeze
 Alike are dear, for now a mood for this
 My spirit hath, and now alone can please,
 Soft stealing o'er my cheek, the zephyr's kiss;
This stirs the life-stream through my breast that flows,
That calms the strife and lulls to sweep repose.



LOCH LEVEN CASTLE.


BROUD ruin on Loch Leven's stream,
 Whose waters dance with silver gleam
 Beneath the gentle breezes' swell
 That bear upon their downy wing
 The fragrance of the heather bell,
 On every wild-hill blossoming.

With ivied battlement and tower,
And remnant rude of kingly power,
Thou standest as in days of yore,
When pensive Mary,* Scotland's queen,
A prisoner on the castled shore,
Gazed on the lake of sparkling sheen.

Thy name with hers is woven yet, —
And who shall Mary's name forget,
Though thou mayst crumble from the view,
And Leven's waters cease to run,
Reflecting from their breast of blue
The silver moon and golden sun?

No warden's fire shall e'er again
Illumine Loch Leven's bosom fair,
Nor clarion shrill of armored men
The breeze across the lake shall bear.
But while remains a stone of thine,
It shall be linked to royal fame;
For there a Rose of Stuart's line
Hath left the fragrance of her name.

* Mary, Queen of Scots, was confined in this castle after her defeat at Carberry Hill.

LINES WRITTEN ON LEAVING EUROPE.

I'M pining for the birds and flowers
Around my native home ;
I'm pining for the wild-wood bowers
Through which I loved to roam,
And for the gentle summer breeze
That brought the earnest words
I fancied in the hum of bees
And silver song of birds.

I'm pining for the old green hill
That rises high and grand, —
The soil my *father* used to till
With rough but honest hand ;
And for a dear, a hallowed spot,
Beyond the rolling wave,
My spirit never hath forgot, —
I'm pining for his *grave* !

I'm pining for my *mother's* smile,
And for her gentle voice ;
The *little ones*, whose sportive wile
Oft made my heart rejoice ;
A sister's welcome, warm and true,
A brother's greeting hand,
And all the dear old friends I knew
When in my native land.

I've gazed on Scotia's heathered hills,
In purple bloom arrayed, —
Her lakes of blue, her silver rills,
Her bard hath lovelier made ;
I've traversed Erin's emerald isle,
So beautiful, so fair, —
The contrast of her woe the while
My spirit ill could bear ;

I've gazed on England's pomp and power,
Her cities known to fame,
Where palace proud and lofty tower
Bear high and royal name ;
And on that land of many lays,
The sunny land of France,
Where peasants in the harvest days
Upon the red grapes dance ; —

But oh, not Scotia, fresh and fair,
Not Erin, fairer still,
Nor England, with her riches rare,
Nor France with vine-clad hill,
Have aught so lovely and so grand,
So beautiful and wild,
As *thou*, my own, my native land, —
Thou! nature's fairest child !

PRAYER AT SEA DURING A VIOLENT
STORM.

THE night was dark, the storm was loud,
The wind went wailing by,
And many a wild and fearful cloud
Swept o'er the starless sky ;
Around our bark huge billows rolled,
That tossed us to and fro,
And flung, with fury uncontrolled,
Afar their foam of snow.

And booming o'er the waters came
The thunder's heavy roar,
As lightning like a sheeted flame
Flashed the wide ocean o'er.
Fear, like an icy torrent, swept
O'er many a mortal form ;
And haughty spirits bowed and wept,
To hear that awful storm.

Rocked on the bosom of the deep,
To ocean's God we prayed,
Who hushed a wilder sea to sleep,
That fiercer storms had made ;
He sent his angel down, to calm
The tumult of our souls,
And bid us feel that nought could harm,
Where God himself controls.

Oh, it was joy to feel that he
Watched o'er that sea of foam ;
That 't was not there our graves should be,
Afar from friends and home.
Would that our hearts might ne'er forget
The sweet assurance given,
Till death's cold waves our lips shall wet,
And earth is changed for heaven !

Oh, 'tis a blessed thing to pray,
'Mid pain, and fear, and strife ;
It brings us down the brightest ray
That gilds the gloom of life.
No chill hath fear, no pang hath woe,
For hearts of faith and love :
Who hath no tongue for prayer below,
Hath none for song above.



MEETING OF FRIENDS.

HOW sweet the hour, how passing sweet
The tide of moments flow,
When friends again with rapture meet,
Who parted long ago !

And while far distant yet appear
The happy homes they fill ;
What expectation, hope, and fear
The inmost spirit thrill !

To expectation's music tongue
The heart beats swift and high,
While hope's enchanting bow is flung
Across a sunny sky.

Fear cometh, like a cloud, to hide
The brightness of the bow,
But, bursting forth on every side,
It gilds its gloomy foe.

And nearer as the objects be
Of fond, expecting love,
The spirit struggles to be free,
Like an imprisoned dove.

How tardily the moments seem
To urge their weary pace!
How often in some midnight dream
The absent we embrace!

Though many changes may have passed
O'er those we left behind,
'Tis only as we saw them *last*
They come before the mind.

Oh, joy for him, joy not of earth,
Who gains his native land,
And finds around his glowing hearth
An undivided band!

But woe for him who cometh back,
Across the billows' foam,
To gaze upon the spoiler's track
Within his happy home.

For bitter, bitter is the pain
The anguished heart must bear,
That finds, on clasping love's sweet chain,
A link is wanting there!



THE NEW YEAR.

ALL hail to the year! to the glad New Year!
Oh, herald his march sublime;
And twine a garland in hope and fear,
For the changeful brow of time.

And drop one tear for the Old Year's flight,
Whose moments none may restore;
For the loved, whose life went out with its light,
To kindle on earth no more.

One sigh for the wreck of many a hope,
So fair when the year was young,
And the sky, where clouds in darkness grope,
With a radiant bow was hung.

Then hail to the birth of the glad New Year,
And herald his march sublime ;
And twine a garland in hope and fear
For the changeful brow of time.

What hast thou brought for the sons of earth,
O New Year, young and gay ?
For they welcome thee with the voice of mirth,
Like the dawn of a festal day.

Hast thou brought the gifts, the glorious gifts
Of peace for the world abroad,
To scatter where many a nation lifts
The wail of its woe to God ?

Hast thou brought sweet freedom for those who sigh
In the bonds of a hapless race, —
A right for the many wrongs that lie
Like shadows on earth's fair face ?

Oh, many a change o'er earth shall pass
Ere thou shalt be waxing old,
And the sands of another twelve-month's glass
To the depths of the past have rolled !

But whatsoever thou hast in store,
As the months their circles fill,
We know it is thine to yield no more
Than the measure of God's own will.

HARK TO THE SOUND OF THE SILVER
BELLS.

HARK ! hark to the sound of the silver bells,
In the midnight still and clear ;
Wide over the land their music tells
The birth of the glad New Year.

Not on the wings of the beautiful spring,
As she glides on her radiant way ;
Not with the hours of the summer's flowers,
Comes the New Year young and gay ;

Not the time of the autumn's prime,
With a regal glory crowned ;
But wrapped in the folds of the vesture cold
Of the winter's depths profound.

All soft and white, like a mantle light,
On the landscape lies the snow ;
And the icy breeze through the forest trees
Sweeps drearily to and fro.

The fair child listens with earnest ear, —
A wondering heart hath he :
“Thou hast many a beautiful gift, New Year !
Oh, what hast thou brought for me?”

The red rose mantles the maiden's brow,
And her heart is thrilled to hear ;
Life never before was so sweet as now,
For this is her bridal year.

The merchant wakes, in the midnight dim,
To muse on the fame and gold
Which the circling months shall bring to him
Ere the New Year will grow old.

The Christian listens with hope and fear,
For an humble heart hath he, —
“What can I do for my Lord this year,
Who hath done so much for me?”

O ye to whom on the shores of time
Are the golden circles given,
Not unto self is the boon sublime,
But to work the will of Heaven.

So live that when all the years are past,
Which God in his grace shall send,
Eternity's joys shall crown the last
With a bliss that knows no end.

SNOW AND SUNSHINE.

IN the silence of the night
Fell on earth a robe so white,
In the gray of morning light
Like a shroud it seemed ;
Till the bright and golden sun,
Coming from the east so dun,
Chased the storm clouds one by one,
And with splendor gleamed.

Like a river's rapid flow,
Freely poured his crimson glow
Far and wide athwart the snow,
Over vale and hill,
Till the robe like silver shone,
Which the storm o'er earth had thrown,
In the dreary hours and lone
Of the midnight chill.

Noiselessly, the busy day
Stole its march of hours away,
Till the noontide's blazing ray
On the landscape fell ;
Then like magic, moving slow,
Fled the white and shining snow,
Leaving on the turf below
Not a trace to tell.

Musing on the earth forlorn,
 Of her robe of beauty shorn,
 Voices on the breeze were borne
 To my ear, that said, —
 “So the joys of earth, that bright
 Shine in youth’s exulting light,
 Manhood’s noon and age’s night
 Find forever fled.”

Hopes to glory beckoning on,
 Fade and perish one by one, —
 Melt like snow before the sun,
 In life’s stern endeavor ;
 While we gaze with raptured eye,
 Fondly deem the treasures nigh,
 Ruthless change comes sweeping by,
 And they pass forever.



SPRING.

A SONG for thy return, O Spring, —
 What shall the music be?
 For every bird hath one, whose wing
 Sweeps through the blue air free.
 His harp the poet cannot wake
 To such melodious strain
 As that whose notes the silence break
 Of field, and hill, and plain.

A tribute to thy scented breeze,
That sweepeth to and fro,
And shaketh from the old fruit trees
The blossoms white as snow,
And scatters them far o'er the grass, —
The soft, green grass, and bright,
Where feet of merry children pass,
With laugh of wild delight.

They hunt the blue-eyed violet,
In shady forest nook,
And snatch the golden cowslip, wet
With water from the brook.
They are as happy in their glee
As birds upon the wing ;
Sweet is the song they sing for thee,
For thy return, O Spring !

A tribute to the fragrant flowers,
The beautiful, the gay,
Who slept the long, cold winter hours
Beneath the ground away.
They cared not for the icy rain,
The bleak wind and the snow ;
They knew that thou wouldst come again
With days of sunny glow.

They knew that thou wouldst call them up
From 'neath the lowly sod,
And bid each ope its tiny cup
Wide for the praise of God, —

His praise, who bathes them in his dew,
Who pencils every leaf,
And gives to each its radiant hue,
And season, long or brief.

O Spring! thrice welcome all thy gifts
So wondrous, fair, and sweet;
The trees, the flowers, the grass that lifts
Its spires beneath our feet;
Thou bringest to our memory
That brighter world on high,
Whose blossoms ope eternally,
Whose beauties never die.

And, as for thy return, sweet Spring!
From Winter's dreary tomb,
Now nature wakes, thy praise to sing,
And with new life to bloom;
So may our dust, which soon shall lie
With ashes kindred born,
Arise, and hail with joyful cry
The resurrection morn!

JUNE.



H, sing me a song for the month of June,
When linnet and robin their hearts attune ;
I care not now for the April sky,
When the clouds sweep fast, and the winds blow
high ;

I care not now for the budding May,
When the grass springs first where the streamlets play,
When the half-oped blossom that greets his eyes,
The child bears home as a costly prize ;
A sun with a steadier beam for me,
And a darker robe for the shadowy tree,
A deeper green for the winding vale,
And a rosier hue for the floweret pale.
A song, a song, for the month of June,
When linnet and robin their harps attune,
When the young bird comes, at the old bird's call,
From his lofty nest to the low stone wall,
Then plumes his wings for a bolder flight,
And proudly stoops from his airy height ; —
When the glow-worm walks by her fitful lamp
Where the gray owl hoots in the meadow damp,
And the saucy voice of the martin rings
From the barn-eaves high, where he sits and sings,
Or chatters fierce, as he builds his nest,
At the swallow clad in his yellow vest

And dark-blue coat, who the barn within
Maintains *his* right with perpetual din.
When, the haunts of the wintry days forsook,
The glad frog sings by the sunny brook,
And children oft to the margin come
To mock the sound of his voice so grum,
Or praise the hue of his glossy throat,
And the polish bright of his mottled coat ; —
When the serpent creeps from his dark abode
To sun himself in the sandy road,
Or bend with his shining folds the grass,
Where the timid maiden shrinks to pass ;
When the green fields wave like the ruffled sea,
As the breezes sweep o'er their bosom free, —
When casements are open and doors are ajar,
And the scent of the red rose is wafted afar ;
When the school-boy turns from his wearisome page,
The deeds of the hero, the lore of the sage,
And wistfully gazes on pleasures forbidden,
Red fruit, by the foliage fitfully hidden,
And the green shady banks of the silvery pool,
And wonders what mortal invented a school, —
Then bending his elbows, hangs over his book
With a muttering tone and a half sullen look ; —
When the invalid sits in his pillowed chair,
And his limbs are braced by the fresh pure air,
And the hue of health o'er his pale cheek steals,
And his dim eye lights with the joy he feels.

Oh, well do I love thee, beautiful June !
The sweet, sweet harps which thy minstrels tune ;
Though other months may the bosom thrill,
As I love thee now I will love thee still.



THE ANCIENT ELMS.*

HOW beautiful are the ancient elms
That over the wayside bend ;
In graceful drapery, green and soft,
Their clustering leaves they blend ;
And thickly over the gray, rough bark
Creepeth the yellow moss,
Up and around the branches dark,
Where the boughs each other cross !

When spring returns with her blossoms gay,
And the earth in green appears,
The birds come carolling back to build
Where they have built for years ;
And children come with hoop and ball,
And a merry song of glee,
And loud and clear is their joyful call
From under each ancient tree.

* Elm Trees, near the corner of Cypress and Washington streets,
Brookline.

Within the lapse of fourscore years
That have glided onward fast,
Backward and forward beneath the elms
What varied feet have passed !
The child, with his fleet and bounding step,
And his sweet, far-ringing laugh,
The bride to the church, the bier to the grave,
And the old man with his staff.

His velvet cheek hath the young child pressed
To the bark so rough and gray,
As he leaned on its aged trunk to rest,
Wearied only with play ;
And years have passed, and that same child,
Tired of the life he proved,
Hath come, a man, to weep and gaze
On the trees his boyhood loved.

And dark and dismal pageantries
Of those whom grief o'erwhelms
Have wound along where mournfully
Droop the three ancient elms.
And oft who there in childhood played,
Now an old man has gone ;
The elms have outlived human life,
And their dark boughs wave on.

Thus age and childhood, life and death
Under the elms have passed,
And still shall pass for as many years
As the brave old trees shall last.
The hearts that beat to joy, and those
Whom the tide of grief o'erwhelms,
And my own shall throb with bliss or woe
Under the ancient elms.



BOATING SONG.



H, spread the sail to the summer gale !
For a merry band are we ;
Our fairy boat like a bird shall float
On the lake, our mimic sea.

Hail to the bliss of a scene like this, —
The landscape's glorious view !
In the noonday bright, or the soft moonlight,
Lovely and ever new.

From the distant land, where the tall trees stand,
Is wafted the sweet perfume
Of the new-mown grass, as the mowers pass,
And the clover's honeyed bloom.

The lilies gleam in the sun's bright beam,
Like gems on the water's breast ;
Like flakes of snow where the ripples flow,
Their clustering petals rest.

Oh, the rolling ship her bows may dip
In the foam of the wild wide sea ;
But the pleasure boat, on the lake afloat,
Hath a greater charm for me.

Then spread the sail to the fragrant gale,
And bend to the graceful oar ;
Our bounding sea shall the blue lake be,
And our port the vine-clad shore.



LINES WRITTEN IN AN ALBUM.

LADY! fair lady! these lines shall tell
Though I knew thee not, that I wished thee
well,
As a friendship garland I sought to weave,
With a trembling hand on thy shrine to leave,
Hoping it might in thy bosom wake
One gentle thought for the giver's sake.

There's a brilliant Bow in the Christian's sky,
And its hues are all of the world on high ;
It brightens adversity's clouds of gloom,
And spans the arch of the rayless tomb, —
Hope's glorious token of love divine ;
Lady ! fair lady ! this bow be thine.

There's a Star that shines on the pilgrim's way,
Lighting him on with a fadeless ray,
As he treads the plain or the mountain side,
Or stems the billows of life's wild tide,
His glittering guide to a Saviour's shrine ;
Lady ! fair lady ! this star be thine.

There's an Arm that strengthens the fainting soul
That strives for freedom from sin's control ;
It holds it up from the depths of woe,
When the waves of sorrow its path o'erflow ;
A helper in trouble — it hath been mine —
Lady ! fair lady ! this arm be thine.

There's a Home where the weary sweetly rest,
With a tearless eye and a peaceful breast ;
They go not forth from the fireside there
Who come not back in its bliss to share ;
Death never withers the wreaths they twine, —
Lady ! fair lady ! this home be thine.

THE SUNLIGHT OF HOME.

HOW beautiful ! how beautiful !
The sunlight of our homes,
Ere death, with pinion wild and dark,
To dim its radiance comes ;
Ere fade the flowers affection twines,
And one by one depart
The rays of that sweet star that shines
The brightest on the heart.


Whene'er the wanderer turns his feet
To seek his native glen,
It flashes forth a welcome sweet
To those he loves again.
It cheered him oft when far away
In other lands alone, —
From palace proud, or peasant cot,—
But ah ! 'twas not his own.

He heard the merry laugh ring out,
Oft as he passed them by,
And saw upon the happy hearth
The red fire blazing high ;
It woke a yearning in his breast
Until he ceased to roam,
And then it quickened every step
That brought him nearer home.

Thanks be to God who gave it us,
 He is a God of love ;
 For oh, he made it like to that
 Which gilds the home above !
 It is so pure and glorious,
 And lighteth up the heart
 With such a joy they scarce can bear
 Who love it to depart.



EVENING REFLECTIONS.

HEN slow comes on the welcome eve,
 And westward calmly sinks the sun,
 And o'er the landscape darkly weave
 A thousand shadows into one,—

My spirit feels that sacred power
 Which unto eventide is given,
 To warm devotion's hallowed hour,
 And lead the mind from earth to heaven.

With joy I turn from every care
 That on my path perchance may lie,
 And, gazing on a world so fair,
 Communion hold with earth and sky.

O world below ! how wondrous bright
Thy beauties break upon our view ;
Yet are they transient as the light,
Or sunset clouds' resplendent hue.

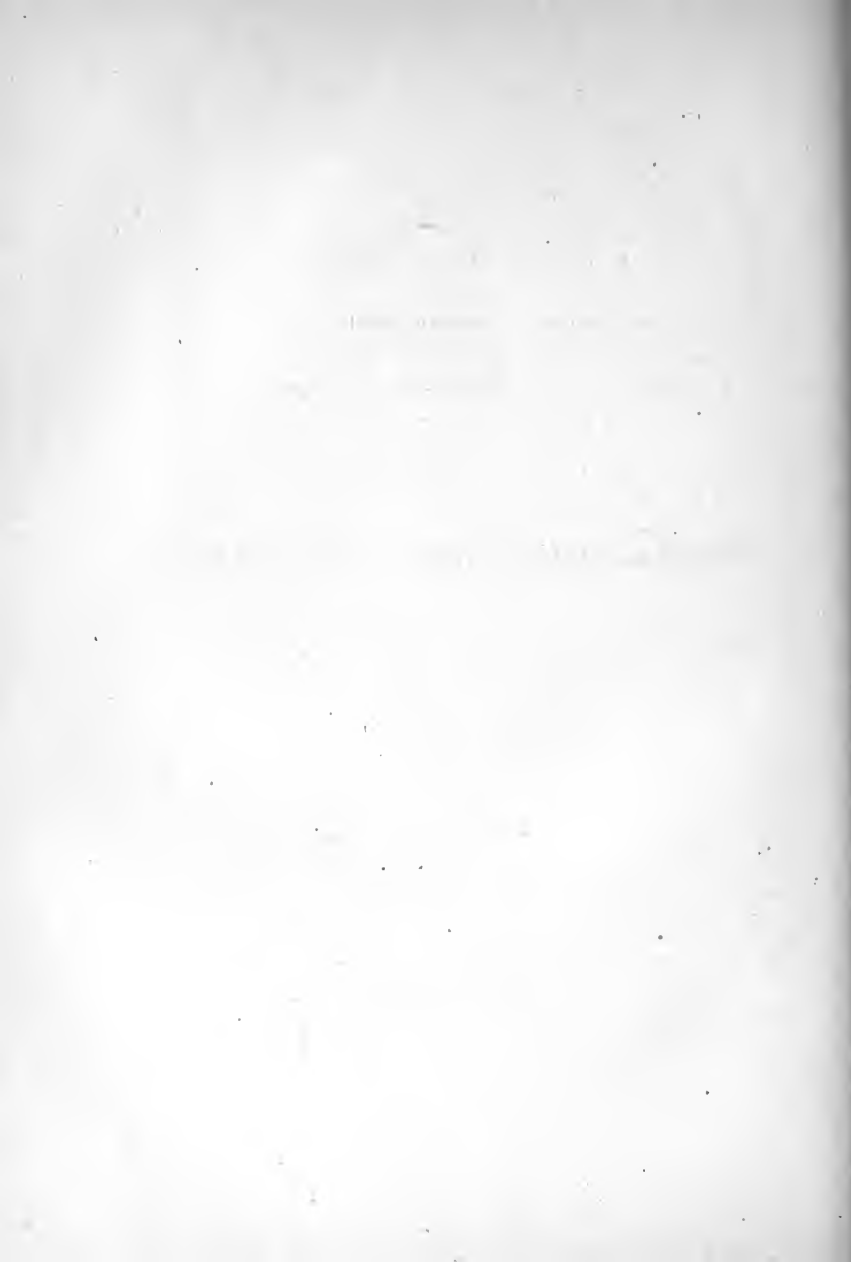
But unto us a foretaste sweet
Thou art of that celestial sphere
Where all in high perfections meet,
That are but imperfections here.

O world above ! unseen, adored,
The wonderful, the undefined !
Where dwells the everlasting Lord,
The Maker, and the Sovereign Mind.

Our souls surmount the things of sense,
The fading scenes of earth and time,
And Faith, exulting, bears us hence,
To regions holy and sublime,

Where all is purer, more divine
Than even Eden ere the fall ;
Where everlasting glories shine,
And God is greatest of them all.





HOME AND FAMILY MEMORIALS.



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FAMILY MEMORIALS.



TO THE MEMORY OF A BELOVED FATHER.



H! how it thrilled through my aching heart,
When they told me thou wert dying, —
That the mighty conqueror's icy dart
In thy throbbing breast was lying.

Thy hand was cold as the frozen snow,
And thy pulse had ceased its beating ;
For the crimson tide in thy veins ebb'd low,
To its quivering source retreating.

I bent me down o'er thy dying bed,
To list to thy heavy breathing,
And my tears fell fast on thy pillowed head,
Which the mists of death were wreathing.

A change passed o'er thy face so pale,
As the last frail cord was riven ;
And thy spirit entered the gloomy vale,
With its angel guide to heaven.

A smile of joy o'er thy features passed, —
The smile of a raptured spirit, —
As the beaming glance of its eye was cast
On the bliss which the just inherit.

We bore thy clay to the burial earth,
To the sleep that knows no waking,
And came to our dreary house and hearth
With hearts that were well-nigh breaking.

Thy wide fields now with the harvest bloom,
But another hath thy reaping ;
For the hand that scattered the seed, yon tomb
Holds fast in her icy keeping.

Sleep, father, sleep in thy narrow home,
With the silent dead about thee, —
We onward still through the bleak world roam,
Alas ! for we are without thee !

GRIEF.

THOU sayest I should strive to calm
The wildness of my grief,
That time and change will come and bring
My throbbing heart relief.

Thou biddest me be joyful now :
How can I, when I crave
To wake that joy a father's love,
A father's in the grave?

Thou sayest it is wrong to grieve
For him who takes his rest,
Weary and worn by earthly cares,
Upon the Saviour's breast ;
That never to the righteous dead
Should bitter tears be given,
To wet the cold, unconscious clay
Whose spirit is in heaven.

Thou whisperest, pointing to the skies
Where silvery torches burn,
That far beyond those glittering realms
Is he for whom I yearn, —
Who broke his earthly bonds, and trod
In manhood's middle day,
Escorted by seraphic guides,
The upward, shining way.

Thou sayest, let thy mourning heart
Its waters cease to pour
So freely, wildly forth for him
Who shall return no more.
Chide not my weeping, though my eyes
May long with tears be dim ;
Would'st *thou* not weep if in the grave
Lay one beloved like him?

Thou knowest not that for the dead
Affection's wreath I twine ;
Thou knowest not how dear they are
To this fond heart of mine.
The love I gave to them in life
Mourns o'er their broken ties ;
Death only quickens it — 'tis love
That never, never dies.

I know affection bids thee seek
To soothe the grief I feel,
And o'er its dreariness and gloom
Bid hope's bright radiance steal.
But oh ! *thou* hast not ever lost
A friend so dear as he ;
Cease, cease thy kind but idle words ;
Thou canst not comfort me.

Nay, leave me now ; my aching heart
Some solitude would seek,
To nature and to nature's God
Alone its grief to speak.
Fear not ; no murmuring words shall fall ;
My lips shall not repine ;
For I am His who hath bereaved,
And He is truly mine.

A darkness o'er my spirit broods,
Whose dense and solemn shades
Are like to those which shroud at eve
The forest's deepest glades ;
There is no joy for me to-night ;
Away, away, I crave
A father's love, a father's smile,
Who slumbers in his grave !

LINES WRITTEN ON REVISITING A
FAVORITE HILL,*

A YEAR FROM SEPTEMBER, 18 —.

A YEAR ago ! a year ago,
Old hill, I climbed thy brow ;
But bearing not the heart of woe
That beats within me now !

The blossoms of my summer bowers
Lie withered 'neath my tread ;
I care not for the faded flowers, —
My heart is with the dead.

The dry leaves of the forest fall,
So late with beauty crowned ;
The greenwood's mantle, like a pall,
Lies on the chilly ground.

Rude is the breeze that hurries by,
And mournful is its tone,
As on it beareth nature's sigh
For brighter seasons flown.

* Corey's Hill, Brookline.

The time has been when scenes like these,
Before my pensive view,
My spirit seldom failed to please,
The while they saddened too.

And this is all ; the time *has been*, —
I am still true to thee ;
But *thou*, old hill, canst ne'er again
Be what thou wert to me.

Though stranger feet ere long shall press
This hallowed turf of thine,
I *know* I cannot love thee less
Than when I called thee mine.

But round thee hovers now a gloom, —
It meets me everywhere,
And whispers of the silent tomb,
And one who slumbers there.

'Tis not the gloom the passing year
Flings over nature's face ;
Oh, would that only such were here
In this deserted place !

Ah ! no, 'tis not her dying breath
That saddens thus my mind ;
It is the gloom the feet of death
Have darkly left behind.

'Tis for no changes *here* I mourn,
Though sadly they have come,
'Tis for the greater, which have torn
A cherished wreath of *home*!

O Time! the shadow of the wing
Is dark, that beareth thee;
Alas! that e'er thy flight should wring
Such bitter tears from me!



TO MY MOTHER.

MOTHER! dear mother! a song for thee;
Thou shalt the theme of the minstrel be;
Thou who didst smile on the ruder lays
I warbled first in my early days.

'Tis the hand of a daughter sweeps the lyre,
With a lip whose melody shall not tire,
Till the brow is cold and the eye is dim
Of her who carolled my cradle hymn.

Mother! dear mother! when I was a child,
I loved the hill and the greenwood wild,
Where the silver song of the soaring bird
And the circling insect's hum is heard;

Dearer to me than my childish play
Were the haunts I sought in the summer day ;
But there was a greater love for thee
In the heart that clung to the flower and tree.

Mother ! dear mother ! as oft I strayed,
To muse alone in the woodland glade,
They called me gloomy, they called me strange,
But little dreamed they of the wondrous change
Which the spell of poesy, sweet and wild,
Soon wrought in the heart of thy pensive child ;
And little dreamed they of the lyre she swept,
Where the old oak's shade on the green turf slept.

Mother ! dear mother ! when years had past,
Sweet years, that fled on their pinions fast,
The angel of death his shadow flung
Where our silvery bow of Hope was hung ;
And we stood together, side by side,
Where a father sank in his manhood's pride ;
Together we caught the parting sigh,
As the soul was borne to the world on high.


Mother ! dear mother ! my spirit strays
Oft back to the scenes of my early days ;
And the brightest links that bind me there
Are the memories sweet of thy love and care ;

But, ah ! 'twas not till I fondly pressed
My own first-born to my yearning breast,
I dreamed of the hour of agony,
The sorrow which thou hadst borne for me.

Mother ! dear mother ! I watch thee now
With a beating heart and an anxious brow ;
I watch thy step as thou passest by ;
I mark the light of thy fading eye ;
For I know that Time is upon thy track,
And bears to the grave what he brings not back, —
Spare, Father of mercy, my loved one spare,
A mother's life is a daughter's prayer.

Mother ! dear mother ! when death draws nigh,
And rends in thy breast each sacred tie ;
When the downward path thy feet shall tread
That leads to the mansions of the dead,
May the better world, like a glorious star,
Gleam through the mists of the vale afar ;
Thy guide may the precious Saviour be,
And the heavenly gates ope wide for thee.

THE ABSENT.

 HE friends of my bosom ! I cannot forget them ;
Through changes and seasons still cherished
they are ;
Bright gems, in the crown of affection I set them ;
And its brilliance is dim, though but one is afar.

The absent ! the absent ! their voice sweetly lingers
In my listening ear, yet I may hear not again ;
And the chords of my spirit, when memory fingers,
Give back, 'neath the pressure, a sorrowful strain.

When the shadows of eve are serenely descending,
And the last golden beams of the sunset appear,
And day with dim night in soft twilight is blending,
Oh, oft to my spirit the absent are here !

When the weary world vexes the hushed soul no longer,
And the silver stars light the still earth with their
beams,
And fetters of slumber grow deeper and stronger,
They pass through the land, the bright land of my
dreams.

They glide o'er my vision, and bear the sweet token
Of friendship that soothed in the days that are flown :
The busy morn breaks, and the sleep-spell is broken, —
The dear phantoms vanish, and I am alone.

When the eager crowd toil in the strife of existence,
And throng after throng moves unceasingly by,
I fondly imagine the loved in the distance ;
But they wear the cold faces of strangers when nigh.

And my drooping heart sinks in its own desolation,
Where loudest and deepest life's tumult may be ;
For it sickens and bleeds in its vain expectation
Of the distant, the absent, it yearneth to see.

Oh ! the cold world may meet, and meet only to sever,
And affection's torn wreath not a tear-drop may wet ;
But my heart, when it loves, must love onward forever, —
It cannot forget, no, it cannot forget.

In trial and pain, tribulation and sorrow,
Some soothing remembrance comes sweetly to cheer ;
Ah ! worthless were friendship if nought she could bor-
row
Of comfort and hope when the loved are not here !

Away, oh, away ! ye dark moments of sadness !
And hail, blissful promise of mansions on high !
Where the tear shall be dried in the sunshine of glad-
ness,
And the absent be present, eternally nigh !

RETURN TO MY BOSOM.

RETURN to my bosom, beloved one, return !
My heart for thy presence hath ceased not to
yearn ;
Mine eyes for thy coming are dim with their
strain,
And mine ear hath grown weary with waiting in vain.

Return to my bosom, — the toils of the day,
Its cares and its sorrows, are passing away ;
The last golden sunbeam has faded and gone,
And the shadows of even are fast stealing on.

Return to my bosom, — lo, yonder afar
There shines in the heaven a beautiful star ;
But ah ! not a charm in its lustre I see,
For the *star* of my *home* hath not risen on me.

Return to my bosom, — return to the rest
Thou often hast whispered thou lovest the best ;
As sweetly and purely I set on thy brow
A seal of affection that lingereth now.

Return to my bosom, — my heart is thine own ;
In youth thou hast won it, and round it hast thrown
A spell that shall linger till life's latest breath,
More sacred than friendship, and stronger than death.

Return to my bosom, — oh, tarry not long ;
 My heart for thy presence is pining in song ;
 Come, haste thee to gladden thy sorrowing dove,
 Return to thy chosen, return to thy love !



LITTLE AMY.

[“Two days before she died, she looked up into my face with a most touching and heavenly expression, and said, ‘God loves your dear little Amy, mother; when I was up in God’s house, I said, one day, God, may I go down and see mother a little while, and he said, Yes; so I came down.’

“I do not know from whence she derived the idea; but the words, and the look that accompanied them, thrilled through my soul and brought a conviction of the *return* which soon after took place.”]

BACK to His House her spirit flew,
 The bright and blest abode :
 Ah me ! how well the way she knew,
 Along the heavenly road !
 What life, what light, what joy was hers !
 The beauty how divine !
 What wild regret, what bitter tears,
 What agony was *mine* !

I watched her through the dreary night,
 And every hour to me
 Gave a sad foretaste in its flight
 Of what the *last* would be.

And when the cold, gray morn had come,
And turned to early day,
Her angel came, my lips were dumb,
I dared not answer, nay.

For while with grief my spirit shook,
That like a tempest thrilled,
Her eye sought mine with such a look,
The rising storm was stilled.
I gave her one fond kiss, the last,
Of my farewell the sign ;
Then from my arms to His she passed,
Who gave her first to mine.

Close nestled to my breast, she died,
Nor did it dying seem ; —
Awake, my soul ! awake ! I cried,
For thou dost only dream.
Oh ! mocking hope, as fleet as vain !
Bewildered, bleeding, sore,
I laid my darling down again ;
For *she* was there no more.

Of all the prayers that test our faith,
This is the hardest one, —
To gaze on a dear face in death,
And say, " Thy will be done."

In the wild struggle nature fails,
And sinks, affrighted, down ;
A mortal grief o'er faith prevails, —
The cross obscures the crown.

So fast, upon her pale, sweet clay,
Came down my blinding tears,
They veiled a while her shining way
To the celestial spheres.
O Thou who hast, with hand unseen,
Removed the loved to thee,
Come now, with helping grace, between
The little child and me !



OUR JENNY.

AT midnight's hour, while others slept,
From troubled dreams we woke and wept,
For death had o'er our threshold crept, —
For little Jenny.

The watcher's lamp was burning low,
We could not see our loved one go ;
There was no sound, no cry, but oh,
Our little Jenny !

So still she lay, so very still,
White as the snow-flake on the hill ;
We touched her cheek, it gave a chill, -
Our darling Jenny.

Our hearts with grief were running o'er
For *one* we ceased not to deplore,
Who went a few brief days before
Our little Jenny.

And now another ! help us, Lord,
By the dear promise of thy word,
To drink this cup which thou hast poured
Of grief for Jenny.

We kissed and laid her from our sight,
In all her childish beauty bright,
Down in the grave's cold, quiet night,
Our precious Jenny.

'Twas hard to turn to life again ;
Through everything the ringing pain
Came back of looking all in vain
For little Jenny.

Then faith with sweet assurance said,
" Behold, the loved one is not dead ;"
Up with the angels overhead
Sings little Jenny.

And not alone her tiny feet
Went upward in the golden street, —
An angel child came forth to meet
Our darling Jenny.

Two little sisters, hand in hand,
In His dear presence joyful stand,
Who called them to his better land,
Amy and Jenny.



THE WILD MARCH WIND SWEEPS DOWN
THE HILL.

THE wild March wind sweeps down the hill,
Stirs the tall trees, unlocks the rill, —
Till in the valley, brown and sere,
The tender blades of grass appear.

Then softly falls the April rain,
And singing birds return again ;
And days and weeks successive bring
The pleasant sights and sounds of spring.

Within the graveyard's lonely keep,
Two little children softly sleep ;
Above their heads the swift winds pass,
The sunbeams fall, and waves the grass.

All nature stirs, but they are still ;
The earth grows warm, but they are chill ;
And to our homes return no more
The household birds that sang before.

Oh ! what shall wake our dead beloved ?
Say, at whose touch shall they be moved ? —
The wild March wind, the summer breeze,
The autumn gales ? — not these, not these.

The joys of spring shall come in vain,
And summer's glories wax and wane,
And autumn's wealth and winter's snow,
As months and years shall come and go ;

But never, in the grave so cold,
The little clasped hands shall unfold, —
The feet return, that early trod
But one brief path, and that to God.

O agony of parting pain !
O yearning heart that yearns in vain !
O weeping eye that tearful sees
The life that comes to all but these ! —

Behold a day, a glorious day,
When God shall wake their sleeping clay !
His voice shall call thy dead beloved,
And at his touch shall they be moved !

SUNSET.

THE night, with a noiseless footstep,
Comes up from the beautiful vale,
To the brow of the hill, where the sunlight
Still lingers so loving and pale.

I watch the shadows that deepen,
The shadows of many a tree
In the woodland that borders the meadow,
Dark cliff by an emerald sea.

No longer the sound of the sickle
Comes up from the field as at morn ;
The harvest lies low on the greensward,
And homeward the reaper has gone.

The wild bird has folded its pinion,
The lily her petals of snow ;
And peace from a region celestial
Is tranquilly falling below.

I turn me to gaze on the sunset,
My spirit is thrilled to behold ;
There are oceans of crimson and purple,
And rivers of silver and gold.

And anon, through the radiant vistas
My spirit looks wishfully through ;
I see, far away in the distance,
The beautiful, beautiful blue.

I think of the city celestial, —
The city with pearls for its walls,
Where sunlight nor moonlight are needed,
And the shadow of night never falls ;

The friends that have thither ascended, —
The friends that I loved long ago ;
The children that went in the winter,
When the landscape was covered with snow.

Oft-times to my spirit's wild longing
Their vision a moment is given ;
And they always seem *nearest* at sunset,
For sunset seems nearest to heaven.

I feel the sweet peace of their presence,
And my heart's swift beating it calms ;
I see the white robes of the angels
That bear my beloved in their arms.

O sun ! in thy splendor departing,
Fade out in thy shadowy bound ;
In a land where the light is immortal
I know that my lost will be found.

THE MOURNER'S VISION.

↑
|| STAND on the brink of a river, —
|| The River of Life to me, —
|| Where the billows of memory quiver,
|| And rise and fall like the sea.

I read in their tremulous motion
The records of many a year ;
And like voices that come from the ocean
Are the muffled words I hear.

Down under the waters gleaming
Are visions of long ago ;
There are forms of beauty beaming,
There are shadows dark and low.

There are scenes from life's fair morning,
That come like the break of day,
Or a beautiful landscape's dawning,
When the mists have cleared away.

I gaze on the sight Elysian,
With earnest and longing eyes,
Till my soul is stirred by the vision
With raptures from Paradise.

I see the chain of a friendship
 Death never had power to part,
One link is under the waters,
 The other is round my heart.

I hear, from the depths of the river,
 Sweet words that my spirit thrill;
We are parted, but not forever, —
 We are living and loving still!

And my soul no more is lonely,
 Nor throbs with a sense of pain;
For the loved who were once mine only,
 I know will be mine again.

Dark waves may close o'er the vision,
 Storms drive me away from the shore;
But hope, like the lamp of a vestal,
 Dies out in my soul no more.

Flow on, mysterious river!
 Flow on to eternity's sea;
By faith and a holy endeavor,
 The future hath bliss for me!

TO JAMES.

HEEP me not here while I tremble and shiver,
Stay not my feet where the dark waters be;
For over the river, just over the river,
Amy and Jenny are waiting for me.

Hark to the sound, the sweet sound of their voices,
Lovingly, tenderly, "Come, mother, come!"
Oh, how my spirit exulting rejoices! —
Darlings, I'm coming, I'm nearing my home.

Dearer than children, than father or mother,
Watching and waiting there's one by my side,—
Next to my Saviour, and next to no other, —
He who once won me, and made me his bride.

How can I leave thee, beloved of my bosom,
How can I leave thee to wander alone?
Blesséd Redeemer, oh, comfort the mourner;
Fold thou his *wounded* heart close in thine own.

Children, dear children, so dear to me never,
Now is the cup of our agony given;
Now must we part, but we part not forever, —
I have loved you *on earth*, I shall love you in heaven.

Friends, gentle friends, who have strewn my sick pillows
With blossoms of hope, of peace and of love, —
Sister, sweet sister, away on the billows,
Brothers beloved, I shall meet you above.





MRS. AMANDA M. EDMOND.

We find the following painful intelligence in the last issue of the "Witness," edited by Brother Clarke, formerly of the Tabernacle Church in this city. We heartily sympathize with the feelings expressed. — [Ed.] *

The announcement of Mrs. Edmond's death will cause a pang of anguish in many hearts. Those who have read her sweet poems, and the children who have been entertained and instructed by her stories of "Willie Grant," "Over the Sea," "The Vase of Flowers," "Early Days," "Philip Garland," "The Forget-me-not," etc., will all be mourners. There was an ease and vigor in Mrs. Edmond's compositions which made them agreeable and impressive. There was nothing careless, dashing, or overwrought in her style, which kept the reader disputing every moment with his reason and better judgment, but every scene and illustration harmonized with, and deepened his

* Editor of the Philadelphia "Christian Chronicle."

convictions of, right. And best of all, her private character was in harmony with the spirit her pen inculcated. The social and domestic pathway of her life was kept constantly cheerful and happy. The following letter, written by a valued correspondent of the "Witness" in Brookline, Mass., gives the closing scene of her useful life. But Mrs. Edmond still lives in the hearts of her friends, and lives in her works.

"BROOKLINE, June 1, 1862.

"MY DEAR MRS. CLARKE:—This lovely first Sabbath in June has brought sorrow to many hearts, for to-day our dear friend Mrs. Edmond has been borne away to her long home. She had made every effort to live, for the sake of her family, and until a week ago had hoped to live till autumn, if not longer; but when the conviction fastened upon her that her days were numbered, she cheerfully resigned herself, made all her arrangements, gave her parting messages, took leave of all her dear ones, and waited with longing hope the hour of her release. Even so lately as last Sabbath, she was carried out of doors in her rocking-chair, and placed where she could see the trees, snow-white with their profusion of blossoms, and she then expressed the hope to be carried into church to-day after the sermon was over, to partake once more of the communion. She was carried in, but in her coffin. 'No, not she,' said our pastor, 'only the tabernacle once made lovely by her presence; but *she* partakes to-day in the holy services of the ransomed throng in heaven.'

"She died on Friday morning about three o'clock. A little before her death she was seized with a severe distress for breath. The doctor gave her a quieting draught; she repeated these lines:—

" ' Sweet land of rest, for thee I sigh;
When will the moment come
When I shall lay my armor by,
And dwell with Christ at home? '

"And then she fell asleep, and never woke again. To a friend, the night before, she said, 'If any one asks how I died, tell them I died in the full triumph of hope in Christ.'

"Thus her lovely last hours have left precious memories. She never seemed to dwell upon herself or her sickness to those who came in, but always thought of others, and was interested in everything. Her death has left a void which no other life can fill. Her rare qualities, aside from her Christian character, her excellent good sense, her genial disposition, her ready wit, her flowing sympathy, make the bereaved heart cry out in vain for a friend who could fill her place. Since I was six years old I have known her, in school and at home, in sickness and in health, in prosperity and adversity, and I never saw her temper ruffled. She has been the first to die, of a class of six of us Sunday-school scholars, who were baptized together upwards of twenty years ago.

"It was heart-rending to see the stricken husband

and children as they took their final leave of their beloved one. God comfort them, for he alone can.

“Long ago she wrote thus of Christian hope : —

“ ‘Thanks be to God, though sin and strife
Oppress us till our latest breath;
Life here is not our only life,
And death is not forever death.
O joyful season! welcome day!
That sees my earthly fetters riven;
Speed, tardy hours, your dull delay, —
Your faster flight, my sooner heaven.’

“And in that heaven she worships to-day, while we wait sorrowing a little longer.

“With love, yours truly,
“H. W.”

The lines which follow, in memoriam of Mrs. Edmond, were written by a dear friend and schoolmate of Mrs. E., Miss Harriet F. Woods : —

IN MEMORIAM.

Spring comes! The forms of life she loved
Begin to stir,
And not a butterfly or bird but brings
Memories of her.
All bright-hued flowers that bloom, — the pink,
The tulip, and the rose,
The sweet, wild beauties of the wood, beside
The brook that flows

Through violet-scented meadows, and the breath
Of south winds o'er the hill, —
All earth awakening from its wintry death
Recalls her still.
Whitsunday cometh silent, in the garb
Of fragrant May,
And incense-breathing orchards stand again
In white array.
Sacred its memory ever; since her eyes
Looked forth in calm delight
On her last earthly Sabbath, — on the trees
Arrayed in white;
And ere June dawned upon the waiting earth,
The summons given
Called her from their fresh beauties to the flowers
Fadeless in heaven.

Summer by sea and shore; the dark blue waves
Capped with white foam-wreaths dancing!
Low, lulling music on the sandy shore,
And rippling laughter where the brooklets pour,
Under the dark boughs glancing.

The sweet aroma of the wavy pines
The willing south wind beareth;
The summer moonlight gleaming through the vines;
Sweet breathe the one, brightly the other shines;
But she no longer shareth.

The summer that she loved, — how linked with her
Its beauty and its voices;
Setting the early memories all astir,
Leaving the sorrowing heart but lonelier,
When all the earth rejoices!

Autumn is with us, — all his wealth
Of gold and russet-leaves,
His crimson hues of sunny health,
His yellow harvest sheaves.
I miss her in the chestnut woods,
And in the orchard glade, —
In all the lovely solitudes
Whither we two have strayed.

The gleaming piles of ripening fruit,
The purple-clustered vine,
Bring memories of her childhood's days
With genial hours of mine;
O friend beloved, whose heart of hearts
Loved all things fair and free,
Whither can we who love thee turn,
Nor pine for want of thee?

Winter! whose cheery festal days
To childhood's joys were given,
Till white-robed angels bore away
Her two sweet babes to heaven.
Thrice hallowed came the Christmas time,
And grave the glad New Year;
Since for the angels heaven had gained,
Two less were singing here.

The days glide onward. Gleams the earth
White with its spotless snow,
And wakens memories into birth
Of one short year ago.
Her days and weary nights of pain;
Her bright or patient smile;
Her cheerful hope of health again,
Their languor to beguile.

Her filial trust that only said,
 "Thy will, not mine, be done;"
While Love with clinging anguish plead,
 "Spare us our precious one!"
Yet still she faded, day by day,
 As fade the wreaths of snow;
And looking up the shining way,
 Let all things earthly go.

The tomb had terrors once for thee, beloved, —
 How sleepest thou there, —
Thy dear and lost ones near thee, and above,
 The fading flowers so fair?
Is there no coldness and no darkness left
 Within the tomb?
Or has the Lord, who slept there, thus bereft
 It of its gloom?
Stay! idle questions all! The silent clay
 Resteth in peace;
What are the shadows of the tomb? The soul
 Hath found release.
Yet, O beloved, thou oft hast gladdened us
 With words of cheer:
Would thou could'st tell us what thou knowest there,
 While blindly here
We grope yet longer, and uncertain stray,
 Nor quite can know
Whether our steps are following on thy way,
 Or whither go.
Oh, for thy light upon our night to shine,
 Turning it into day!
Oh, for the clasping of that hand of thine,
 To lead the way!
We see but darkly; to thine unsealed eyes
 Solved are the mysteries,

While we, weak, staggering, faltering, only lean
Upon the promises.
So help us, God! If love is but of earth,
'Tis a poor cheating thing;
But 'tis of heaven, *in* heaven, — O God, thou'rt love;
To thee we cling!

The following beautiful and precious tribute is from the pen of her pastor, Rev. William Lamson, D.D. : —

MRS. AMANDA M. EDMOND.

This is the name of one who, not quite a year since, left us for her home above. She lives in the memory of friends, enshrined in the affections of many loving hearts, and needs for them no record of her virtues. But it is never amiss to stop a moment beside the grave of departed worth and recall the excellences of one whom we have loved. It was on the first Sabbath of last June that we bore her sleeping body to the sanctuary in which she had delighted to worship, and thence to its last, silent home. It seemed fitting that she who had so loved nature — to whom every bud and blossom and spire of grass had a charm, — should see it, for the last time, in its dress of beauty, and feel that it smiled lovingly on her as she closed her eyes on it. There is no gloom in such a burial.

Mrs. Edmond was the daughter of Elijah Corey, Jr., and of his wife, Mary Corey, and was the wife of James Edmond. She was born in Brookline, Mass., Oct. 28, 1824. Early in life she was awakened to the

interests of her soul, and passed that great spiritual change, which fixed her aims, and shaped the subsequent course of her life. At the age of fourteen she was baptized by Dr. W. H. Shailer, now of Portland, Me., and became connected with the church in her native town. Her piety from the first was marked by thoughtfulness, self-scrutiny and active zeal. Her journal, written the year she united with the church, shows how closely she watched her own spirit, and how severely she judged herself. These characteristics of her early piety were prominent through life. Devoted as a wife and a mother, no one could know her without perceiving that the throne of her affections was reserved for Christ and his cause. Her heart never ceased to throb with affectionate interest for the church of her choice till it ceased to beat.

When quite young, she developed an ability to write, uncommon for her years ; and this ability grew till she became an accomplished writer, widely known by the productions of her pen. Thousands who never saw her have been consoled or cheered by her sweet hymns, or instructed and guided by her stories for the young. Besides the many fugitive pieces scattered through papers and monthlies, she added ten choice volumes to our Sunday-school literature, a volume to our religious biography, — the memoir of the missionary, Mrs. Comstock, her early friend, — and published a volume of poems, entitled, from the principal piece in it, "The Broken Vow." She also edited, for a series of years,

that beautiful little annual, the "Ladies' Almanac." It is with no little surprise that we look at the amount of her productions, remembering that they were written in the midst of domestic cares never neglected, and many of them during years of failing health. But she had a rare facility of uniting literary labor with the daily duties of life, — dropping her pen for the toil of the kitchen, and returning to it at the first leisure, as though there had been no interruption.

Whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth. Our friend did not escape the discipline of sorrow. Within a few weeks her Father saw fit to take to himself two precious jewels, which for a season he had loaned her, and on which, perhaps, her heart had become too strongly fixed. Little Amy and Jenny were getting between her and her God, and he loved her too well to permit it. It was a crushing blow. For a season she refused consolation, — could not see the wisdom or the goodness of the providence. All was fearfully dark ; and her gentle spirit rose and murmured against God. But it was only for a season. Faith gained the ascendancy, and she bowed with her whole heart lovingly, submissively, to the Divine chastening. But she has painted the struggle as no other could do it, in the exquisite lines on little Amy : —

"Of all the prayers that test my faith,
This is the hardest one,
To gaze on that dear face in death,
And say, 'Thy will be done.'

In the wild struggle nature fails,
And sinks, affrighted, down;
A mortal grief o'er faith prevails, —
The cross obscures the crown.

“So fast upon her pale, sweet clay,
Came down my blinding tears;
They veiled a while her shining way
To the celestial spheres.
O Thou who hast, with hand unseen,
Removed the loved to Thee,
Come now, with helping grace, between
The little child and me!”

The helping grace came. God himself filled the place made terribly vacant by that which he had taken away. She lived to say from a full heart, as did David, “It is good for me that I have been afflicted.”

Some four years since, her watchful friends began to fear the approaches of that insidious and fatal disease that every year desolates so many of our New England homes. She, too, saw it, and set herself resolutely to contend against it. She clung to life. It had been a joy to her, and was still a joy. The future was full of promise. “Why,” said she, “should I not try to live as long as I can, when I have everything to live for?” And right earnestly did she struggle, at times seeming almost to have gained the victory. But in the autumn of 1861, the indications of the approaching end became more and more decisive. Yet during the winter months which followed, chiefly for the sake of

those she loved, we now think, did she talk cheerfully and hopefully of her case. But when the Father's will was too plain to be mistaken, she resigned herself at once and wholly to his disposal. Every mortal wish was hushed, and every fear banished. With a thoughtful solicitude for others, grateful for every human attention, and overflowing with thankfulness to God, she lingered for a few days at Heaven's portal, waiting the summons to enter. It was during these days, in the intervals of her suffering, that the moral and spiritual beauties of her character shone most brightly. Her farewells to husband and children and friends, and her messages to the church and the Sabbath School, are legacies more prized than gold. Two nights before her death, while suffering extremely, and expecting every hour would be the last, she said, "If any ask how I died, tell them I died in the triumphs of faith and hope, looking for salvation alone through my Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ." As the final hour drew near, turning her eyes to her physician, who stood by her bedside, she thanked him for his kind attentions, and then, with a clear, full voice, as in health, repeated these lines:—

" Sweet land of rest, for thee I sigh;
When will the moment come
When I shall lay my armor by,
And dwell with Christ at home?"

Weeks before she died, she had composed some verses, retaining them in her memory to be committed

to writing as the last act of life. They were written out but two days before her death, and partly by the hand of another, and then entrusted to a friend, with specific directions when and how to present them to her husband after she had gone. They seem almost too sacred for the public eye, — and yet, when we remember how many will read them with a sad pleasure, and remember, too, that they are the last we shall ever have from her pen, we are tempted to close this tribute to her memory with them. It may be the partiality of friendship, but we do not recall anything more tender and beautiful, and withal thoroughly Christian, than these farewell lines to husband and children and friends : —

“Keep me not here while I tremble and shiver ;
Stay not my feet where the dark waters be ;
For over the river, just over the river,
Amy and Jenny are waiting for me.

“Hark to the sound, the sweet sound of their voices,
Lovingly, tenderly, ‘Come, mother, come ;’
Oh, how my spirit exulting rejoices, —
Darlings, I’m coming, I’m nearing my home !

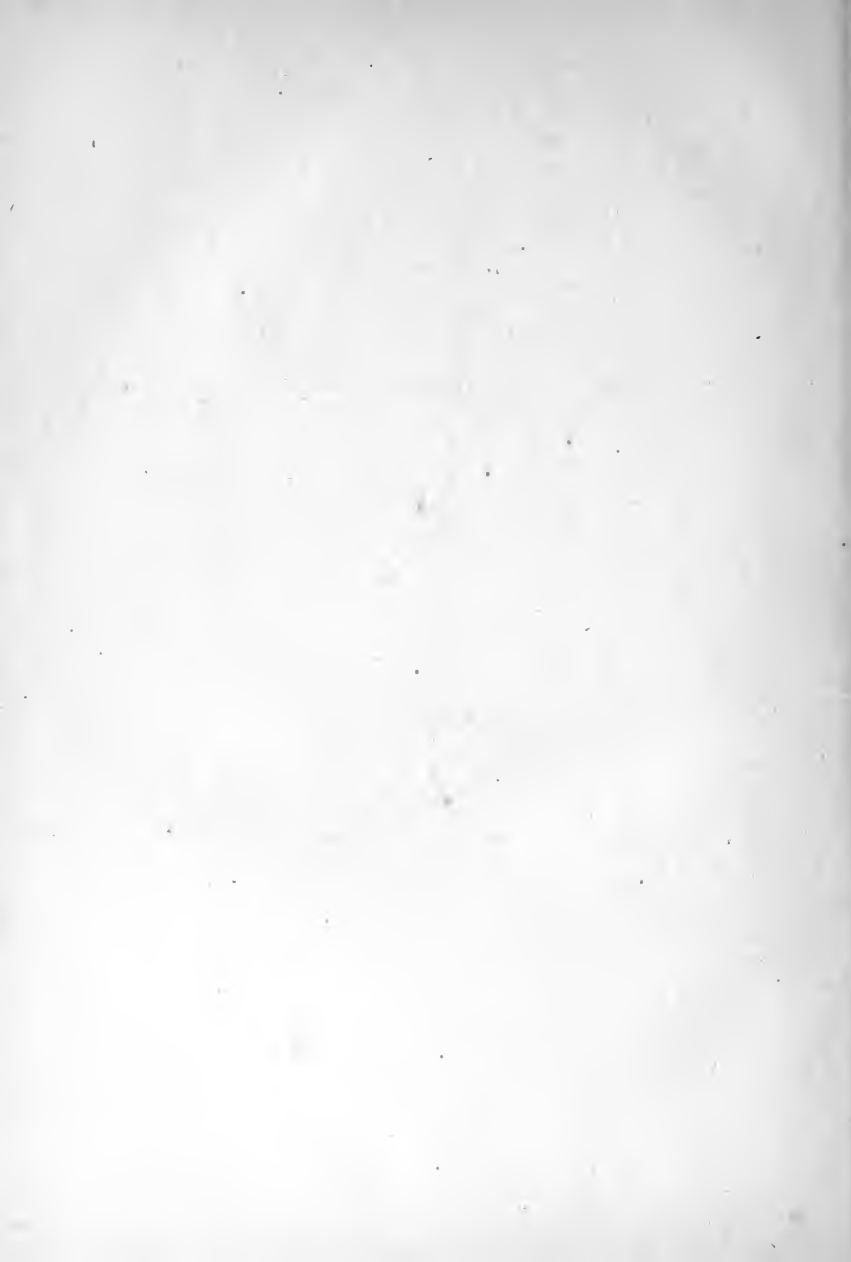
“Dearer than children, than father or mother,
Watching and waiting, there’s one by my side,
Next to my Saviour, and next to no other, —
He who once won me, and made me his bride.

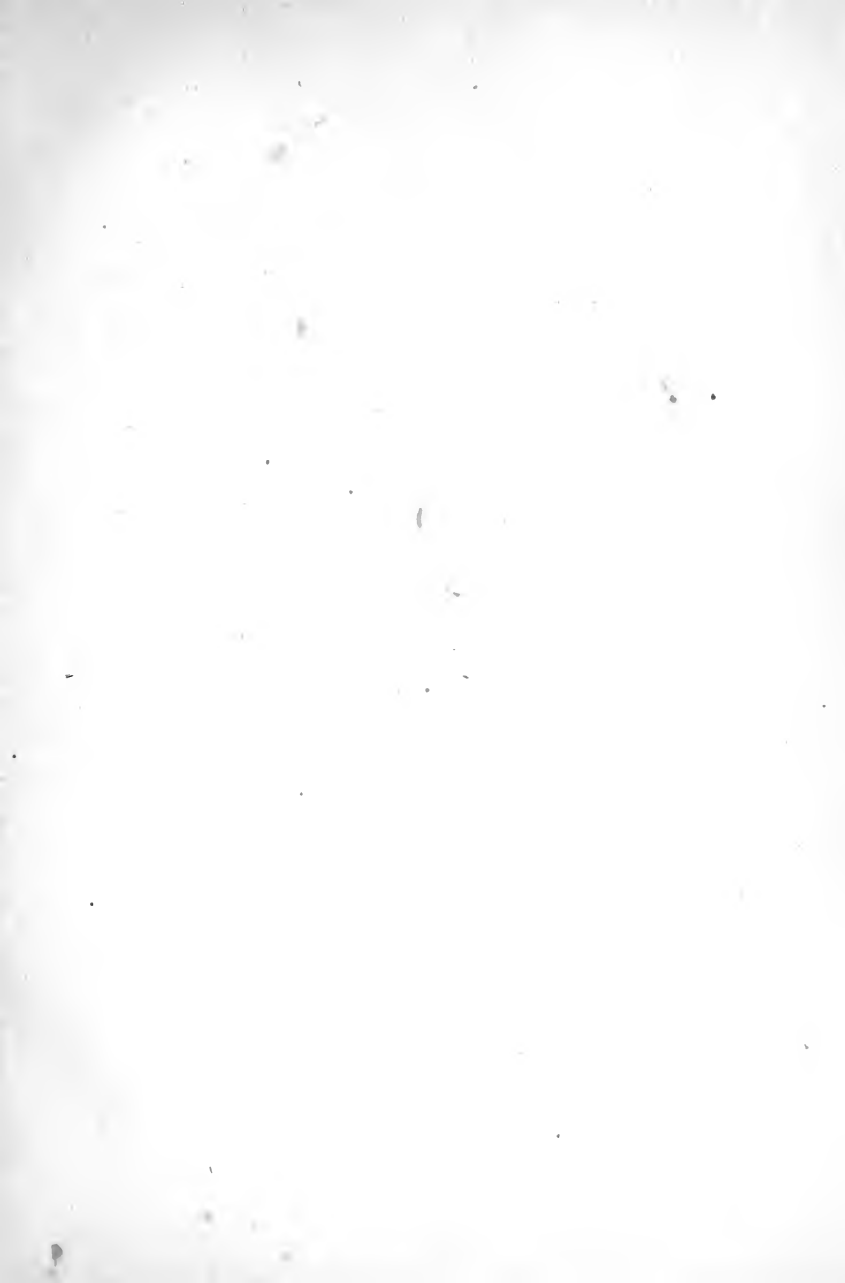
“How can I leave thee, beloved of my bosom ;
How can I leave thee to wander alone ?
Blesséd Redeemer, oh, comfort the mourner,
Fold thou his wounded heart close in thine own.

“Children, dear children, so dear to me never,
Now is the cup of our agony given;
Now must we part, but we part not forever, —
I have loved you on earth, I shall love you in heaven.

“Friends, gentle friends, who have strewn my sick pillows
With blossoms of hope, of peace and of love, —
Sister, sweet sister, away on the billows,
Brothers beloved, I shall meet you above.”











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